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New Statesman

Duncan Campbell: US arms proposals

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New Statesman

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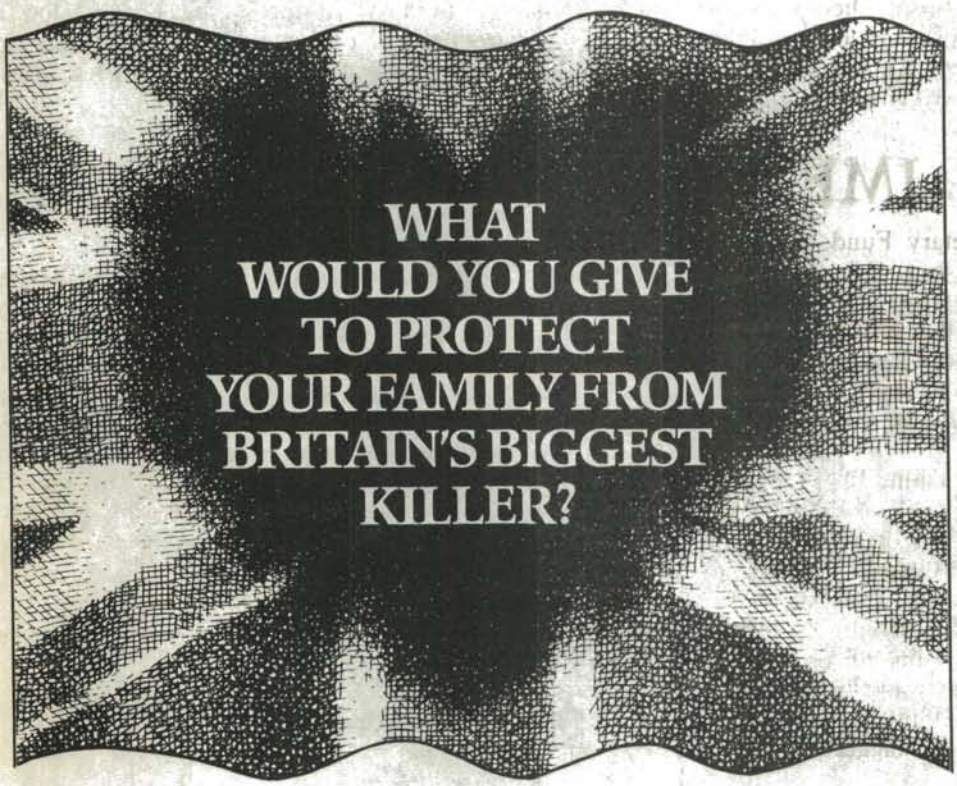

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New Statesman Vol 106 No 2741 30 September 1983

And after Brighton?

AS WE GO to press the Kinnock-Hattersley ticket (for which we have been arguing since June) looks home and dry. As other articles in this issue argue, it has been an open and unrancorous contest, which leaves the Labour Party both less bitterly divided and more open minded about the sort of radical and socialist policies required for the rest of the decade than at any time since the mid-1970s. Victory for the ticket is a necessary condition for any sustained Labour recovery. Kinnock as leader holds out the best hope that the Labour Party will start off along a new political road, turning its back firmly on the sterile failures of the past. Hattersley as deputy leader is a symbolic statement that caucus politics no longer rule.

Kinnock, though, will now have to demonstrate qualities for which inevitably there is no positive evidence in his career to date. He is an orator, a relaxed and convincing television performer and an instinctive politician. Against that he has little or no experience of running anything and the chaotic structures of the Labour Movement are in acute need of basic reform. Nor (with the exception of his time as shadow education minister) has he had a chance to demonstrate a capacity to develop and communicate new policies or ideas. In short, his supporters are taking it on faith that beneath his sense of humour and his ability to get on with people there is also a serious politician, capable of matching over the long haul the total political commitment of an opponent like Mrs Thatcher.

Neither is the Kinnock-Hattersley ticket any guarantee that factional hatchets will now stay buried. Hattersley has quite evidently found it personally hard to come to terms with the fact that he has lost the leadership to a younger and totally inexperienced man. The two men do not get on well at a personal level. And, however much Kinnock intellectually understands that Hattersley is in present circumstances his ideal deputy, he is bound to be prickly at any sign of being patronised by him. At least one major confrontation between them is likely to allow Kinnock to establish that he is unequivocally the leader of the party.

That problem at a personal level will have to be overcome. But it could also be the symbol of something more serious. If Labour is once again going to become the effective vehicle for radical politics, it will only be on the basis of a new concordat between what has come to be known as the soft Left and what remains of the party's Right. Kinnock and Hattersley in their persons represent these two elements. So far it is the Left that has indicated its willingness to move from established positions in order to reach a new political synthesis. There has been little sign of comparable willingness on the Right. If the Right of the Labour Party takes Hattersley's election as deputy leader as a sign that it can complacently settle back into its previous mould, this leadership election will have achieved precisely nothing. As the standard bearer for the Right, Roy Hattersley has a heavy responsibility to see that this wing of the party also understands that there has to be a new beginning. □

IMF strikes again

THIS WEEK the International Monetary Fund has been holding its annual meeting in Washington. 'I have an unbreakable commitment to increased funding for the IMF', said President Reagan. Last week the Brazilian Minister of Industry was in London. His government has just agreed a draconian IMF 'letter of intent'. He said: 'There are millions of humble people in Brazil. They must not be made to suffer humiliation'.

It might be supposed that they were taking the same line on the world's financial system's current crisis. But they were not. The Brazilian minister's concern was that the current rules of the game have forced his government to introduce economic measures that are economically, politically and morally inappropriate to his country's situation. President Reagan's concern was that, if the IMF runs out of money, there will be an immediate default on debt payments to the private international banking system by countries like Brazil, which have no prospect of being able to stagger on under their existing debt burden.

The problem with IMF economics in practice is that they are self-defeating. Countries like Brazil can only continue to get bank finance if they agree to a 'letter of intent' with IMF officials. But by its constitution and procedures the IMF is concerned with one thing only – namely providing member countries suffering from balance of payments deficits with bridging finance while they eliminate the deficit as soon as possible.

But so long as there is no parallel mechanism for dealing with countries which have balance of payments surpluses, the position is hopeless. One IMF team tells Brazil to reduce its imports from Argentina and increase its exports. Another at the same time tells Argentina to reduce its imports from Brazil. If some visionary political initiative for the world economy does not emerge within the next decade, the existing system will simply collapse in upon itself. But there is little evidence that the bankers gathered in Washington have any serious grasp of the enormity of what they are doing to the poor and starving of the Third World. □

Next week . . .

- **Neil Kinnock** – a statement of the new Labour Leader's political philosophy
- **Lynne Jones** looking back on the first three months of the Women's Peace Camp outside the US Army Depot at Seneca in upstate New York
- billboard a new weekly page of classified information for **NS** readers about events, entertainments and the performing arts

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David Steel surrenders to Liberal activists

MEDIA concentration on Cyril Smith's elephantine flouncing concealed the most important change at the Liberals' Harrogate Assembly. This was the changed balance of power in the reinvigorated Liberal Party. It has shifted from the London-based party leadership in the Houses of Parliament (and the Liberal Party Organisation at the National Liberal Club) to the grassroots community politicians centred on the Association of Liberal Councillors, organised by Tony Greaves from Hebden Bridge.

The behaviour of the still below-par David Steel at Harrogate demonstrated how the tables have turned. When still depressed by his virus infection, Steel (in his ill-judged private letter in August to fellow Liberal MPs) had vented his wrath about Greaves's disloyalty to the Alliance during the election.

On arriving at Harrogate, however, it became clear to Steel and other leaders that Greaves was the hero of the June election to most delegates, particularly to the candidates, like Michael Meadowcroft and Paddy Ashdown, who had won and the many more who had come close seconds. His ALC had come up trumps in providing them with election materials, in contrast to the laggardly Liberal Party HQ in London. Candidates who had built up their votes with ALC support were anxious to deepen this 'community politics' approach.

The Party leadership did an immediate U-turn. Instead of flaying Greaves, as expected by the media, Steel was persuaded to meet him more than half way. The resolution on Party strategy was transformed into a document of almost unconditional surrender to the ALC. It called for the conversion of the Liberals into a 'campaigning Party', in which the efforts of the previously remote Parliamentary leadership are now to be closely geared into those of community politicians. In his wind up speech on Friday, David Steel carefully avoided any challenge to the Party's grass roots radicals.

For his part, Tony Greaves played the game, avoiding the victory jig to which he was entitled. But Cyril Smith could not show any similar restraint. When the Alton-Smith plan to create a Deputy Leader to be elected by the Party membership was rejected, Smith complained it was a bloody 'fix'. With mounting fury on successive TV news shows, Cyril claimed that the jealous 'birdbrains' in the Party leadership had been afraid to hear him speak again on this subject. In fact, it would have been wiser to have allowed the Rochdale Poujadiste to speak for a third time on the deputy leadership. Every time he had spoken he lost supporters. This was because radical Liberals, inspired by Liz Barker of the Young Liberals, increasingly felt that the proposal had more to do with providing Big Cyril with a possible power base hostile to Steel than with providing the grass roots with access to the Leadership. Liberal activists were by then confident that they will have all the access they want because, as the *NS*'s chronicle of council by-elections continues to demonstrate, they are delivering the goods.

Andrew Roth

Police defend toy soldier owners

WORKERS AT Britains toy factory in Walthamstow who have been on strike for eight weeks for a shorter working week returned to work last Monday without winning anything. The strikers, mostly Asian men and women in the T&GWU, attribute their failure to the over-zealous enforcement of 'Tebbit's law' by the police.

Wages at the factory, where components are made and assembled, range from £2.01½p an hour for a 50-hour week for the highest paid male workers to £1.70 an hour for the women, who do a basic 39-hour week. Workers at the Walthamstow plant both make the toy components and assemble them. However, the firm relies on extensive outwork being carried out for peculiarly low wages.

Some is done by home workers, some by handicapped people at Waltham Forest Council's 'Adult Training Unit', some by mentally ill people at Claybury hospital. Their labour for the private firm is regarded as 'industrial therapy' and they are paid a small sum for attendance only. Yet more assembly work is done by prisoners at Northeye prison at Bexhill-on-Sea. Northeye has several workshops, although the one which assembled Britains toys has been closed because the strike had caused a shortage of components.

Northeye prisoners receive £2 a week for making up Britains goods. A former prisoner, Douglas James, says: 'If you asked why you were making these things (toy tractors) when millions are unemployed, the screws would tell you – "It has all been sorted out by the trade unions." '

The TUC sits on the tripartite Prison Industries Joint Consultative Committee, whose task, according to the 1981 annual report, is to ensure 'that prison industries do not compete on an unfair basis for outside industry to take a share of a particular market.' However, unions do not negotiate the detailed conditions and wages of such contract work.

Britains is aware that public concern about such use of vulnerable labour might inhibit its exploitation in the future. In his annual report in 1978, former chairman L. D. Britain said:

> We always have to keep in mind that outwork may not be possible for us in the future if it becomes too expensive for reasons of legislation. The whole policy of the company may have to change in the sense that we may have to concentrate on producing toys that need less finishing and consequently more machine and factory space.

Last year, Britains increased their profits by 30 per cent, to £945,000 on a turnover of almost £8 million.

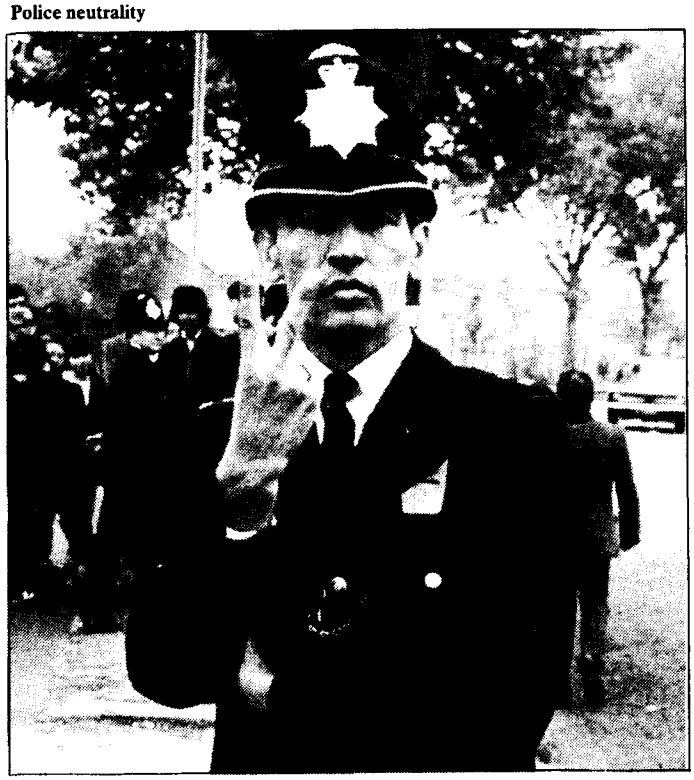
As well as being undermined by outworkers, Britains workforce is divided in the factory. Most of the production workers are Asian and belong to the T&GWU; the lorry drivers, all white, did belong to the T&GWU but they resigned when the strike started. Office staff are white and un-unionised and the skilled tool makers, also all white, have been put on staff grade.

Shop steward Liaquat Ali says it was the police tactics rather than lack of solidarity that defeated the eight-week strike which, by the end, was cutting production by up to 50 per cent. Eighteen people were arrested, only four people were allowed to picket at a time and police prevented them from talking to workers crossing the picket line. Police tried to prevent the press taking photographs. John Butler, who took the photograph on this page, was arrested and charged with obstruction. On 12 September, when workers followed a scab lorry to trace its source, police stopped them and arrested one, charging him with possession of an offensive weapon (a small piece of plastic).

Apart from the low wages, conditions at the factory are, according to the workforce, very poor. Complaints about health and safety have been made about rats on the factory floor and poor protection against accidents from the molten plastic. The Campaign to improve conditions will continue, supported by the T&GWU, local Labour Party, and local Labour MP Eric Deakin.

Amrit Wilson

Police neutrality



John Butler

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City surprise in woods

THE CORPORATION of the City of London, the legal guardian of Highgate Woods in North London, is illicitly and furtively helping the Department of Transport to build a road through the woods.

Despite opposition from all the local authorities, the Department of Transport has long wanted to widen Archway Road, using some of the land of Highgate Woods. The dispute has become a classic conflict between a centralised planning authority and local interests. Yet another public enquiry is due to open in January on resurrected plans to build the road.

Under two acts, pushed through by 19th-century environmentalists, Epping Forest, Queen's Park and Highgate Woods are all protected from urban development. The trusting Victorians made the City of London the offical protector. Under the 1878 Corporation of London Act and the 1886 Highgate and Kilburn Open Spaces Act, the City of London, the country's rottenest borough, is charged by Parliament with the duty to 'resist and debate all inclosures, encroachments and buildings and all attempts to inclose, encroach and build upon the same (ie Highgate Woods) or any part thereof . . .'

However, on 19 August, when Highgate's watchdogs slumbered by the sea, the City of London announced that it would change the 1878 by-laws, dropping the prohibition against encroaching on any part of the open space. They put the notice of their intent in the *London Gazette*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Kilburn Times* – a paper that does not circulate in the area of Highgate Woods. Four weeks from 19 August were allowed to lodge objections. The Corporation informed neither the local authorities nor its own joint consultative committee for Highgate Woods.

The day before the four weeks were up, local residents discovered the scheme. Harringay local authority has, amongst others, lodged an objection to a change in the by-laws. However, the objectors are unlikely to succeed. Once the Corporation has dropped the 1878 by-laws it will probably then proceed to amend the 1886 Act, clearing the way for the DoT to build the road. There is precedent for this. When the DoT wanted to build the M25 through Epping Forest, which the City of London also 'protects', the City put its own private bill through parliament.

Mick Hamer

Brighton's white elephant

CAN BRIGHTON afford the Labour Party Conference? Can the Labour Party continue to accept hospitality from a town which increases its spending on conferences but at the same time cuts back on housing and leisure facilities for the people of the town?

Brighton on the Rocks, a recent study of monetarism in Brighton by the Queenspark Rates Group, reveals serious distortions in Brighton's budget. The Conference Centre was originally built through an ingenious form of finance, a lease-back agreement with a merchant bank, in order to get round Government restrictions on capital spending.

Since then the rates have had to meet massive debt servicing charges and the Centre itself has made enormous losses. To date, the rates have subsidised the Centre by approximately £10 million. The Centre alone accounts for more than 70 per cent of Brighton's increased current spending between 1974 and 1982. The subsidy in 1982 amounted to 31 per cent of Brighton's rate income. Conferences have cost the town nearly £1 million in direct subsidies. In 1981/82 they cost the town £225,000 and produced an income of only £13,000. At the same time, Brighton residents have protested, in the last five years, over the closure of a public swimming pool, reductions in education services and, more recently, the failure to do council house repairs.

The main beneficiaries of the Centre are the large hotels and some restaurants. Yet all the restaurants and hotels represent only 2.5 per cent of the rateable value of the town. While the Tory council has applied strict commercial criteria to projects serving a social need, none has been applied to the Conference Centre. Against all the evidence, it has simply been assumed to have indirect benefits for the town.

Barbara Turner

MISCELLANY

Shrinking violets

The following advertisement was published in the 'Secretarial' section of the *Guardian* on Monday: 'Graduate Secretary for small research institute, Victoria, London SW1. Accurate typing and good shorthand an advantage. Organising ability essential. Starting salary £5,500. Apply with c.v. and s.a.e. to Mrs Brooke, IPR, 8 Wilfred Street, London SW1,' In fact, the 'small research institute' is none other than the Centre for Policy Studies, the beloved child of Mrs M. Thatcher and Sir K. Joseph. Why so coy?

Come in, No 6

There is, in fact, something distinctly fishy about the Centre for Policy Studies. Sharp-eyed viewers of this week's episode of *The Prisoner* will have noticed the address of the London house to which the prisoner returned after his escape: 1 Wilfred Street, SW1. Dangerously close, you might think, to the lair of that little 'institute'. Just what *is* Sir Alfred Sherman doing in Central America?

Send in the clowns

Another 'small research institute' which enjoys Mrs Thatcher's support is the Institute of Economic Affairs. One sign of its success is the fact that next month it is relaunching its *Journal of Economic Affairs* on a much grander scale, under the new title of *Economic Affairs*. Messages of congratulation have been pouring in to the mad

free-marketeers at the IEA. 'Our policies are firmly founded in those ideas which have been developed with such imagination in the *Journal*,' the PM writes. Her counterpart in New Zealand, Robert 'Piggy' Muldoon, also wishes the magazine well. Prince Philip (remember him?) writes: 'I hope that *Economic Affairs* will help all its readers to sift the rational from the wishful and the practical from the fashionable.'

Since the magazine is run entirely by crackpot monetarists such as Arthur Seldon and Professor Patrick Minford, most of the messages of goodwill, as one would expect, come from right-wing weirdos (Milton Friedman, Bernard Levin, F.A. Hayek). More surprising is the greeting from Frank Chapple: 'I look forward to reading, as well as contributing to, *Economic Affairs*.' Frank also writes that 'all committed men believe they have seen all the issues with great clarity. Yet we rarely practice [*sic*] what we preach, and even more rarely do we find adequate reasons for the expedient routes we take.' What can he mean?

Save the Wales

Michael Meacher's supporters, keen to show that their man was still in with a chance of victory, told the *Guardian* this week that Meacher was doing as well in the Welsh regions as Tony Benn had done in 1981. We're not sure that this is the best example they could have used: in the 1981 contest it was Denis Healey who won a majority of the Welsh Labour votes.

In the courts

Our attention has been drawn (as lawyers like to put it) to an article in a Sri Lankan newspaper last week, headed 'President to take libel action against *New Statesman*'. The report stated that Sri Lanka's President, J.R. Jayewardene, had told a Cabinet meeting 'that the *New Statesman* had published libellous reports about him and others. It was decided that action should be taken after consulting legal opinion'.

It's my party

As if he wasn't fully occupied battling with *Tribune*, John Silkin has now trained his guns on another left-wing paper – the Labour Party's own bi-monthly, *New Socialist*. The latest issue of the mag includes an article by Anthony Barnett which implicitly criticises Silkin for supporting the Falklands war; Barnett also gives Silkin a passing swipe for his 'contemptible' campaign against *Tribune*. At the last National Executive meeting Silkin complained that the article was offensive to himself and, by extension, to the whole Labour Party. James Curran, *New Socialist*'s editor, tried to placate Silkin by offering him space to reply in the next issue. But Silkin won't be mollified. He has written to Curran that 'I am not angry about the article in question' (of course) but 'I am deeply concerned about its publication in a periodical which is financed by the NEC and uses Labour Party head office facilities and which should, therefore, be supporting the party, not knocking it . . . It is not up to me, therefore, to write half a page. It is up to you, as editor, in the first place to be more selective about the contributions you allow to be printed and, secondly, to publish an apology and a correction to the party itself.'

With friends like that . . .

'The Jews had no greater friend in the Third Reich than Adolf Hitler.' No prizes for guessing the name of the speaker: revisionist historian David Irving, addressing a conference in California earlier this month. A full report of the gruesome gathering appears in the new issue of *Searchlight* magazine, now available in all good newsagents.

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Police agree to independent complaints scheme

IN A MOVE which will embarrass the new Home Secretary, Leon Brittan, and infuriate the Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO), the Law Society has persuaded the Police Federation to endorse proposals for independent investigation and adjudication of complaints against the police. The move is a break in police unity, and reflects the concern of the ranks to protect their civil rights as subordinates.

The new proposals will reopen the debate on a crucial section of the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill, due to be re-introduced in the House of Commons in November. In place of the present system where police officers investigate complaints against themselves, the Law Society and the Federation now propose a three-tier scheme which would require the independent Police Complaints Board to investigate all criminal and other serious complaints.

Less serious cases would continue to go for disciplinary hearing to the Chief Constable, who would, however, lose the power to demote or dismiss, and would only be able to suspend an officer found guilty, or fine him/her up to three months' pay. Serious, non-criminal disciplinary charges would be heard by the Police Complaints Tribunal.

The Tribunal, consisting of a senior legal chairperson, the chief constable and a lay member, in addition to punishing the officer, could award compensation and legal costs to the victim. The officer would have a right of appeal to a High Court judge, sitting with a different chief constable and a lay assessor.

In criminal cases, the Board's report would go to the Director of Public Prosecutions who, as now, would decide whether or not to prosecute.

The inadequacies of the present system have long been a major source of resentment amongst black people. Lord Scarman concluded that 'if public confidence in the complaints procedure is to be achieved, any solution falling short of a system of independent investigation available for all complaints is unlikely to be successful.'

Unfortunately, Scarman also offered a let-out, which the Home Office eagerly incorporated in the original Police Bill, adding informal 'conciliation' by a senior police officer at the bottom end of the scale, and requiring the Board's chairperson to act as 'independent assessor' in the most serious cases. The compromise satisfied neither long-standing supporters of an independent investigations system, nor the Police Federation.

The Law Society scheme represents, however, a major change of heart for the Federation, which told a House of Commons Select Committee last year that they would only accept independent investigation in non-criminal cases – by definition, the least serious. But last week the Federation decided to trade independent investigation for a right of legal representation for its members in Tribunal cases, coupled with recognition of the Federation's right to provide legal advice in other investigations. The Federation has also got Law Society backing for significant reduction in the powers of chief constables – who will in turn argue that their control over a 'disciplined' force would be seriously undermined by the new scheme.

But agreement has been harder to reach on the controversial issue of 'double jeopardy', where an officer liable to criminal proceedings also faces disciplinary charges. The High Court recently overturned the Complaints Board practice of refusing to recommend disciplinary proceedings in any case where the DPP had already decided the evidence was insufficient to prosecute. The Federation fears that new Home Office guidelines will open the way to more disciplinary proceedings against their members.

Patricia Hewitt

Anti-war song silenced

ONE NEW SINGLE which is not going to be hyped into the charts by Radio 1 DJs is *Malvinas Melody*, by Tyneside singer/songwriter Alan Hull, of Lindisfarne. As its title suggests, the record is a thoroughly anti-militarist treatment of the South Atlantic war.

Traditionally, Lindisfarne rates alongside The Animals as one of the most popular groups ever to emerge from the North East, yet this latest release has been awarded only two snatches of air time, on local radio and television, both in the context of news stories attacking the song.

Though it is not yet on sale in any Newcastle record shop, it has roused the city's new Tory MP, Piers Merchant, who has told the local press that it is 'sick and cynical' and 'portrays an attitude of having no pride in this country'. It has also been denounced by Mrs Barbara Henry, mother of a Merchant Navy officer killed in the South Atlantic.

No disc jockey has yet agreed to play it. One Radio 1 celebrity is alleged to have told a representative of the record company, Mawson and Wareham, to 'get that record out of here'.

'It looks as if the censorship is going to be total,' says Alan Hull, who is now 37. 'But this happened with *Cruising to Disaster*, the single Lindisfarne did for CND. That came out just when the Task Force was sailing south: it was a funny bit of timing, actually. It was a double A-side, and the only time it got played on the radio was when a DJ put the wrong side on by mistake.

'I've been performing *Malvinas Melody* for some time live, and it's gone down really well with audiences. That's why I decided to make a single of it. I think the attitude that surrounds the war is really stupid and ignorant. *Cruising to Disaster* has just been released as a single in Australia, and it's doing really well there.'

Meanwhile, Newcastle's socialist bookshop, Days of Hope, has jumped in with an offer to stock *Malvinas Melody*, and distribute it to CND groups, so activists will get a chance to buy it, even if it is never heard by the public at large.

Andy McSmith

Brent's last case?

BRENT'S BRAVE rejection of health service cuts imposed by the government may be short-lived – unless it is shored up by massive grass roots support. September's historic meeting when the authority voted 7-2 to defy the cuts package was the last act of the present district health authority. By the time the new authority reconvenes on 17 October three of last week's rebels, Dr Paul Stern, Ingrid McClements and Albert Otten, will have been replaced by Roger Stone, a local Tory councillor, Rosemary Lovett, a former Labour councillor who defected to the SDP, and a trade unionist, George Thurgood.

Lovett and Thurgood's attitudes to the cuts are not recorded; but the support of both of them for Brent DHA's rebellion is crucial. Two DHA members who missed last week's meetings would almost certainly vote for the cuts – a loss of more than £1 million and 330 jobs – if the issue goes to the vote again.

The two are Ken Lewis, former area administrator, and the newly created Baroness Caroline Cox of Queensbury. The appointment of Baroness Cox, a former sociology lecturer, to the DHA is as mysterious as her elevation to the peerage. So far, her only claim to fame rests with her 1970s' reputation as the scourge of the polytechnic Left, a talent which demands neither outstanding intelligence nor knowledge of the health service.

Brent's Labour council and the community health council this week launched a campaign to defend the DHA move. They are planning a large rally at Brent town hall the week before the next meeting of the health authority to keep up the pressure and encourage other district health authorities and health unions to resist Fowler.

Neil Hamilton

Islanders block their airport

FOR THE first time, non-violent direct action against NATO's military plans has spread to the Outer Hebrides. At a demonstration last weekend against the £40 million plan to expand Stornaway airport on the Isle of Lewis, eight people were arrested and charged with breach of the peace, amongst them was the former chairman of the Scottish National Party, William Wolfe.

The protest, organised by the local group Keep NATO Out and Scottish CND, involved about 70 people in a three-hour blockade of an access road to the airport. It was attended and supported by the local SNP MP Donald Stewart, a man not noted for his radical views. Although a lorry and two vans were helped through the blockade by police, the lorry on its return later was forced to turn back after it was pointed out that it had a faulty brake light.

The vast majority of protestors were islanders, yet all but two of those arrested were from the mainland. Local activists claim that there was a conscious attempt to avoid arresting islanders, but this is denied by the police.

Work on land reclamation for the runway extension, organised by the civil engineering company Costain, has been in progress since the beginning of the year. At its peak there were 100 lorries a day entering the site carrying landfill, but during the demonstration only one attempted to gain access.

Scottish Secretary George Younger gave the go-ahead for the expansion, which also includes a new taxiway, aircraft standings and shelters, at the end of 1981. This was in spite of the fact that the official reporter at the public inquiry into the plans concluded that there was a 'planning presumption against the development', ie, considered on planning terms alone, the expansion would not have gone ahead. The main purpose of the expansion is to provide a staging post for flights from North America to help the US fight a 'limited' nuclear war in Europe (see *NS* 11 December 1981). There is concern over the use of Stornaway airport as a base for nuclear capable aircraft such as Tornadoes and Orions. There have also been reports that Stornaway is being considered in the long term as a possible base for non-nuclear cruise missiles.

Rob Edwards

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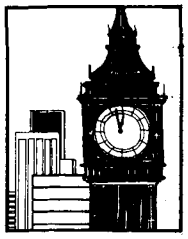

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Labour's electoral college: is democracy on the syllabus?

IT IS JUST as well that I do not have a hat: if Michael Meacher were to be elected Labour's deputy leader next Sunday, I should have to eat it. Slightly more important, it is hard to see how Labour could survive such a result without facing deserved, and possible lethal, public contempt.

My argument here does not concern Labour's need for a balanced ticket (although the need is great), nor the medium-sized, loosely-knit groups of politically motivated men and women who have organised the Meacher campaign (although some of them are perfectly frightful). Instead it concerns the now overwhelming evidence that a clear majority of individual Labour supporters want Neil Kinnock as leader and Roy Hattersley as his deputy. If that is not the outcome of next Sunday's ballots, the electoral college will be seen to flout those wishes.

Conversely, if Hattersley beats Meacher, as I expect him to, it will be a victory of sorts for democracy over caucus politics. Far more unions and constituency parties are letting their members decide how their delegates will cast their votes than in the Benn-Healey contest two years ago. Given the different ways unions count branch votes, it is impossible to put an exact figure on the number of people who will have cast a vote in one forum or another; but the total is likely to exceed half a million. It will, by a large margin, be the biggest exercise ever mounted by a British political party to elect its leadership.

IT IS PRECISELY for that reason that it is vital for the result to reflect the manifest wishes of individual party supporters. On the numerical evidence from unions that have published results of branch ballots, and the anecdotal evidence of constituency parties that have done the same, the popularity of the Kinnock-Hattersley 'dream ticket' – and in that order – is beyond doubt. Every one of the ten unions that have announced results has voted for Kinnock as leader; and the nine unions that have also conducted ballots for deputy leader have all gone for Hattersley.

The consistency of the results is the more striking in that in two of the unions the members have defied their executive's recommendation. The Post Office Engineers bucked the left-wing leadership's proposal to support Meacher for deputy; while APEX members roundly opposed their right-wing leadership's recommendation to back Hattersley for leader.

The table gives the figures for the ballots so far conducted. (Votes for Peter Shore, Eric Heffer, Gwyneth Dunwoody and Denzil Davies are not shown: in all cases they trailed far behind the main candidates.) In most cases the figures do *not* show actual votes cast, but rather branch 'blocks'. This applies to the shopworkers, communication workers, Post Office engineers, APEX and SOGAT '82. Each of these unions got its branches to ballot individual members. But if, say, in a branch of 1,000 political levy-paying members, 300 voted for Kinnock and 200 for Hattersley (on a turnout of 500, or 50 per cent), that would be recorded by the union as a 'branch block' vote of 1,000 for Kinnock. (The figures for COHSE, NGA, seamen and firemen show actual votes cast.)

Fortunately, the results of these ballots are on the whole clear-cut as well as similar. They therefore overcome the objection that the branch 'block vote' ballot is scarcely the purest system of democracy ever devised. It would be a different matter if a number of such ballots were to produce narrow victories either way. And, indeed, Meacher's camp hopes that their man will win narrowly the three remaining substantial ballots to be declared at the weekend: ASTMS, the miners and the public employees.

If he does and if, as is likely, the overwhelming majority of constituency parties that are not bound by membership ballots vote for Meacher, then we may yet again have to wait upon the 75 members of the transport workers' delegation to decide on Sunday afternoon how to cast the biggest block vote of all. It would be a discreditable end to an otherwise creditable and constructive bash at introducing democracy to the syllabus of the electoral college.

ASSUMING, however, that Labour emerges from this weekend with enough credit to make the question relevant, what lessons can the party learn before the electoral college is used again? One or two right-wing union leaders have started floating – again – the idea of changing the rules (see last Monday's *Times* for one inspired leak and watch the next few days' papers for others).

It will not be easy. Part of the uneasy truce that was agreed at Bishops Stortford after Benn's defeat two years ago was that, if the Left accepted the Foot-Healey leadership, the Right would not try to reverse the constitutional changes of the previous 15 months. By definition that truce expired with this summer's post-election departures of Foot and Healey. Even so, for the Right now to alter the balance of the electoral college to give MPs more say (and constituency parties and unions less) would be to thrust the party into the kind of grubby turmoil that it can surely do without.

There are, however, two specific advances that could be achieved. The first would be to end the charade whereby unions and constituencies have the right to nominate for the leader and deputy leader. Since the rules require the nomination signatures of five per cent of Labour MPs, the actions of unions and CLPs are purely symbolic. It is, however, a divisive symbol. Since most unions hold their annual conferences in the weeks leading up to nomination date, there is the perpetual danger – for the unions as well as the party – of subjecting unions to a six-month campaign – first to secure their nominations, and then to win their votes. Removing the right to nominate would help to limit the campaign to the vote itself.

Secondly, now that the genie of one member-one vote is out of the bottle, it cannot be put back. Enough unions and CLPs have given their individual members a vote in the leadership election this time to establish which candidate has broad popular support.

However, there is no guarantee that this candidate will be elected. A popular demonstration of support for a left-wing candidate could be overturned by an alliance of right-wing union leaders and MPs; a clear vote for a centre or right-wing candidate could be upset by the decisions of the transport workers' delegates and two or three hundred left-controlled constituency general committees. An electoral system that is capable of first revealing and then rejecting the most popular candidate is a bad system. It would be better to standardise on one member-one vote and, as far as possible, ensure that the candidate members want is endorsed. □

How the union ballots have gone

Union	Leadership vote		Deputy leadership vote	
	Kinnock	*Hattersley*	*Hattersley*	*Meacher*
Shopworkers	157,429	39,516	132,890	49,316
UCW*	71,000	24,000	68,000	2,300
COHSE	2,610	1,177	1,237	1,103
PO Engineers	74,629	6,800	55,792	27,750
APEX	41,661	9,087	39,137	9,497
SOGAT'82	70,794	1,922	39,450	15,500
NGA	9,034	4,956	9,147	2,016
Seamen	9,914	1,757	(no ballot)	
Firemen	2,945	873	1,478	423

** Estimate based on percentages and turnout figures obtained from union. AUEW – Foundry figures not published.*

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BRIGHTON '83

Healing the wounds

Could Labour Party disunity become a thing of the past? Geoffrey Carstairs analyses the run-up to the leadership elections

FLEET STREET found the Labour Party easy to report after the 1979 election. Stories did not have to be dug out. They arrived each morning in the post in the form of shrill press releases denouncing other sections of the party. The phones would ring with politicians and pressure groups anxious to get their attacks on each other on the record. Conveniently all the Left pressure groups, despite their many differences, banded together in the Rank and File Mobilising Committee, and the Deputy Leader contest between Benn and Healey allowed the party to divide neatly down the middle into hostile camps.

The response to the 1983 debacle has been markedly different. A neat split has not occurred and journalists only interested in party divisions have had to transfer their interest to the Alliance parties, with Tony Greaves of the Liberal councillors becoming the media's favourite troublemaker. This lull in open warfare does not mean that all is quiet in the Labour Party. Major realignments have taken place and there has been a distinct and measurable change in mood that has left some of the practised proponents of inner party struggle confused.

Media attention has focused on the Deputy Leadership contest, but the leadership itself has provided a better guide to the post election Labour Party. Tony Benn's personal defeat plunged the party's hard Left into immediate crisis. On 10 June it was clear there would be a leadership election and that there was no obviously available Left candidate. The unofficial Left coalition, made up of Tribune, some of the Campaign Group of Labour MPs, the organised Trotskyist groups and the GLC's County Hall Left, was unsure how to proceed. As *London Labour Briefing* puts it:

> For two or three days just after the election some members of the Labour Left met in a seeming profusion of kitchen cabinets to decide on the Left's leadership candidates. There was furious discussion amongst those not privy to the aforementioned cabinets of 'who do you know in Benn's kitchen cabinet who might give us some information?'

Those closest to Benn were on the whole prepared to give Kinnock a clear run. Their priority was to get Benn back into Parliament through a by-election. He could then challenge either leader or deputy. Ken Livingstone, for a short time, was publicly backing Hattersley on the stated grounds that Hattersley would have to capitulate to the Left to succeed, whilst Kinnock would have to move to the right. More cynical observers attributed this view to a desire for Benn to challenge Hattersley as leader in a subsequent election.

Others, such as Audrey Wise, were adamant that Kinnock should not be given a clear run by the hard Left. But the problem was to find the right candidate. It is an open secret that Eric Heffer and Tony Benn do not get on. Heffer was also thought to be 'unsound' on a number of issues. Criticism had been mounted of him in *London Labour Briefing* before the 1982 conference for his opposition to gay rights and many feminist issues. But eventually it was agreed to back Heffer on condition that he stood for leader alone, allowing Michael Meacher a clear run for the post of Deputy Leader; Meacher, at that time, being thought more amenable to influence from the kitchen cabinet working out of Benn's house in Holland Park.

The two major Left groups also split on the leadership. The executive of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, and its Welsh and Scottish sections, voted unanimously to back Kinnock. In contrast, the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy (CLPD) came out for Heffer by a large majority. For them, he was an ideal candidate precisely because of his distance from Benn and his endorsement of the emphasis on party unity that CLPD's leaders pushed through its AGM last year against Bennite opposition. The only suspicion (correct as it turned out) was that he might be 'soft' on the issue of 'one member one vote'. A minority of CLPD executive members suggested that Joan Maynard should be approached to run.

Kinnock supporters in the CLPD contented themselves with arguing that the CLPD should not support anyone, knowing the deep antipathy towards Kinnock because of his NEC voting record on CLPD's campaigning issues. At the 1982 conference, CLPD had run an unsuccessful campaign to remove Neil Kinnock from the NEC.

IT IS NOW clear that the Labour Co-ordinating Committee judged the post-election mood in the party far better. Heffer's campaign has failed to take off. He picked up only 30 constituency nominations, mostly from London and his home base of Liverpool. Interestingly, many constituencies seen as the base of the hard Left are backing Kinnock. The constituency party of Bow and Poplar, whose MP Ian Mikardo nominated Heffer, has come out for Kinnock; so has Islington North which, after nominating Heffer, balloted its members and discovered a clear majority for Kinnock. Their new MP, Jeremy Corbyn, a key figure in the *London Labour Briefing* network, is also one of Heffer's nominators.

Such an accelerating bandwagon for Kinnock has confused the Heffer camp. The minutes of the CLPD's executive meeting on 15 July report views of their secretary, Vladimir Derer, generally reckoned to be one of the Left's chief strategists. Derer reported 'a shift to the right in the Party, as evidenced by the avalanche for Kinnock. There is a general feeling for the "nightmare" (Kinnock and Hattersley) ticket. A section of the Left has defected to the Right'.

The CLPD has also misread another move in the party. The same minutes allege 'moves to push through "one person-one vote", orchestrated by Labour Solidiarity', the party's right-wing pressure group, whose presence in the constituencies is very weak. But many constituency parties are already widening the franchise in various ways, either by setting up a ballot box for members or, more commonly, by aggregating all the individual votes at different ward meetings. The Labour Co-ordinating Committee has encouraged these moves, for while they argue forcefully against the 'passivity of postal ballots', they do not see why each member should not have the same influence. Eric Heffer has also now firmly endorsed the one member-one vote principle in the latest *New Left Review* throwing the CLPD further onto the defensive.

The future of the CLPD is thus far from clear. They were the vanguard of the constitutional changes agreed after 1979. This time they have found themselves backing a leadership candidate with almost no support and defending an electoral system increasingly unpopular in the wards and on the General Management Committees. Their last AGM was a bitter and divided affair, with open war between the group supporting Derer and the Bennites. Derer's success depended heavily on activists who normally worked through the LCC. The CLPD's endorsement of Heffer and their defence of GMC democracy makes it unlikely that their activists will want to defend

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The Absent Pretender: Tony Benn's personal defeat at Bristol in the general election plunged the hard Left into an immediate crisis. He would have dominated a very different leadership election campaign, if he had been an available candidate.

Larry Sapiro

the CLPD's traditional leadership next time round.

THE PECULIAR effects of London's dominance over the Labour Left is also being challenged with a new determination. There has always been a distinct undercurrent of opposition to what a delegate at the last LCC AGM called 'capital-ism' but now it has surfaced as a driving force. George Galloway, past chairman of the Labour Party in Scotland, and one of Benn's key organisers in the 1981 deputy leadership, has started to attack the 'exotic hot house plants' of the London Left. The Scottish LCC is organising a fringe meeting at Brighton called 'Life outside London'. Galloway wrote a glowing endorsement of Neil Kinnock in the 1 July *Tribune*. Cut from the article, however, were a number of criticisms of Benn, in particular of his claim that the election result was a victory as it had revealed the existence of eight and a half million committed socialists.

All these realignments in the party have left the Labour Co-ordinating Committee in the strongest position. Their post election broadsheet *After the Landslide* was clearly a risk as it challenged many of the Left's traditional assumptions and attempted to break through the ritual denunciations of Right by Left and vice versa by arguing that both had made major mistakes. It attacked the manifesto as incoherent and argued for policy rethinks on council house sales and EEC membership. It seems to have caught the mood of the party. Peter Hain, the LCC's vice-chairman, has written of a 'doorstep revolution' in the party:

> Party members went through a rapid period of education in the election campaign out on the knocker. The groundswell for extended democracy and the impetus behind Kinnock is coming firmly from the grass roots of the party desperately anxious to preserve the party's radicalism but wanting to put the excessive divisions of the past behind them and update the party's image and appeal.

Other LCC members argue strongly that the overwhelming support for Kinnock is far more significant than the divisions over the deputy leader. The bitterness and rancour of the 1981 contest is, they point out, largely absent this year; Michael Meacher's campaign has been conciliatory in tone, and he himself has grown in stature, demonstrating that he is not a substitute Benn. This has at times annoyed his campaign team, largely based at the *Tribune* offices, particularly his refusal to embark on a heavy September programme of rallies with Benn.

Whoever wins the deputy leadership will cause Neil Kinnock some problems. Whoever loses could cause even more. But in future years the four months between 9 June and Party Conference could well be remembered for the start of a new much healthier era in the Party. Neil Kinnock could inherit a party more united and more tolerant than would have seemed possible only six months ago. □

BRIGHTON '83

Dead wood

Geraldine Hackett on the collapse of workplace branches

IN THE SURVEY of workplace branches currently underway in the Labour Party's organisation department, York bus workers are likely to feature as one of the few branches where there is any activity to record. The party's constituency organiser, national agent David Hughes, expects the reports due in from his regional staff to confirm his fears that no more than a handful of industrial branches exist, and where they have been set up they have not drawn new members into the Labour Party.

Two years ago Labour Party rules were changed to allow branches to be based on where people work (branches are usually based on where people live). Shortly afterwards, in the wake of a major campaign to stop redundancies, Transport and General Workers Union officials in York signed up to the Labour Party some 50 drivers and conductors. According to Derek Smallwood, who as well as being TGWU branch secretary at the depot is a prominent member of York constituency Labour Party, the fight for jobs also became an argument for higher public subsidy for buses. For once, bus crews took their case to their passengers, and delivered circulars asking people 'to put pressure on the powers that be to stop them cutting York bus services to ribbons'.

In the end, the union had to agree to 50 voluntary redundancies, but that was a significant retreat by the West Yorkshire Road Car Company, which jointly runs the services with the city council. The company had wanted 100 compulsory redundancies.

Derek Winterton, who chairs both the 250-strong TGWU branch and the bus workers' Labour Party branch, sees his involvement in the Labour Party as an extension of his trade union activities. He reckons the campaign helped recruit party members who would probably have never gone along to their local Labour Party to ask for membership forms. Derek Smallwood has organised the TGWU branch to ease the pain of the £6 annual subscription for individual Labour Party members. The union branch's political fund pays the full £6 at the beginning of the year. The fund is repaid by collecting 12p a week from members, along with their 58p union subscription and 10p for the TGWU branch fighting fund. Membership forms were last handed out when bus crews stopped work in support of the health workers' pay battle. They were one of the few groups in the city to stop work for the day. ▷

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Of the 50 or so paid up members, only eight or nine will gather in Smallwood's union office for branch meetings. Some drivers and conductors have become active members of the branches where they live, but Winterton admits to having found his local branch too much of a 'talking shop' and he hasn't been to any meetings since boundary changes put him in a new branch. In the depot branch, he says there is a problem of keeping the interest of members. Bus crews are not interested in just theoretical debates.

THE CONNECTION between union branch and party branch is perhaps unusually close, making it hard to see what special role the party branch has. The traditional divide in the Labour Party between those areas that concern trade unions and those areas proper to political action is enshrined in the model rules: 'Business shall preclude any industrial matters that are properly the responsibility of the appropriate trade union organisation'. Fear of encroaching on trade union 'territory' was a stronger factor in drawing up the rules than the desire to draw workers into politics.

Traditionally, trade union influence on local parties has been exerted by union branches sending delegates to management committees. The number of delegates depends on the number of branch members paying the political levy (usually about 80p or 90p a year per member). In lieu of accurate information it is generally thought that union input has declined over the years. The decision regularly to re-select MPs did, however, cause an influx of union delegates in some branches. The electricians' union, the EETPU, in particular, was accused of flooding local parties to stop right-wing MPs being dropped. In South Yorkshire, the miners are currently being accused of using their strength to ensure a left-winger gets the nomination for European MP.

The Labour Party commission of inquiry, which in 1981 included in its recommendations support for workplace branches, did foresee that local parties might feel workplace branches would be used to give unions a greater influence in the selection of councillors and MPs.

In the event, there was no rush of industrial branches and hence no noticeable influx into parties in most areas. There are industrial branches – in Scotland at Timex; in Sheffield in engineering; and one at Fords in Dagenham (where there is also a strong Communist Party branch). A number are based on Town Hall staff and Polytechnics. The last meeting of the Fords branch had to be abandoned when only four members turned up. Car workers on shifts find meetings in the local Labour hall difficult to attend. There are no workplace branches in Wales.

THERE MAY BE a host of organisational reasons why workplace branches are thin on the ground. Responsibility for initiating them lies with regional officers, yet neither at regional nor national level has much been done to nurture fledgling branches. Other political parties that have always considered organisations on the shopfloor as paramount are also admitting a certain degree of failure.

While the Communist Party still has workplace branches at BL in Longbridge, as well as Fords, and has pit branches in Scotland, the scale of its influence has been much reduced from the 1950s. As its national membership has fallen, so has its organisation in factories declined. Like the Labour Party it is currently reviewing its workplace strength.

In the mid '70s, the Socialist Workers' Party claimed a number of factory branches as part of its strategy of creating a vanguard of 'advanced workers' to lead the revolution. A decade on, the SWP has abandoned all attempt to organise on the shopfloor and now has only branches based on geographical areas. In the 15-page discussion package for its conference next month, the SWP argues conditions have never been less favourable for putting revolutionary ideas.

The pages note 'an ideological shift to the right within the labour movement', and, during what the SWP terms the downturn, 'defeat and lack of fight leads to a demoralisation not radicalisation for most workers'.

The group of senior union leaders who formed Trade Unionists for a Labour Victory in order to bring union resources to the aid of the party for the 1979 election considered a drive on workplace branches in its early days. Nothing was done, partly because a couple of unions at national level were opposed to the idea – they did not want Labour Party branches in workplaces to start meddling with trade union affairs – and partly because it was thought a membership drive should come first.

Realistically, union officials pointed to the low numbers that turn out to participate in union branch affairs. Getting their members to attend Labour Party meetings might be even harder.

Union activists working in British Telecom in south London did set up a Labour Party branch just after the election. The first meeting drew 29 people from eight union branches – their common interest being opposition to the private sale of the telephone network. As with the York bus workers, when the politics of job security intrude into the workplace because a State body is involved, new ways of organising politically are taken up. But once the industrial issue is resolved, can the political organisation be sustained?

Unless and until the Labour Party resolves some of its schizophrenia about industry and politics, it is likely that the pattern of the next two years will continue – of a workplace branch coming to life to meet an industrial crisis, then dying away again. Unless the workplace branch is allowed a distinctive role in Labour Party organisation, it is hard to see what it can be other than a convenient method of recruiting members. But while the 'trade union connection' remains the pressure of remote national committees, and the job of branches is merely to pass resolutions for conference and provide the machinery for parliamentary and council elections, then the overall role of the Labour Party will remain unresolved. □

BRIGHTON '83

Other ways

Among other left-wing parties the British Labour Party is unique in two respects; in its relationship with trade unions, and in the manner in which it elects its leader. No other Socialist party in the world balances MPs and local party organisation in its leadership election, let alone a three-way combination including the unions. In most cases, socialist leaders have for years been pre-eminent in their party. Even where there is a serious challenge to the leadership, the method *of electing the party leader is not normally a live political issue.*
John Rentoul reports

France

The French Socialist Party only made real impact in 1971. But because Mitterrand for so long failed to deliver the final electoral success, the loyalty of many sections of his party cannot be taken for granted. Formally, the party leader is elected by the biennial party conference. A special party conference is called to nominate the party's presidential candidate before elections. Mitterrand was the only candidate in 1974 and 1981. However, there was a long struggle from 1978 to 1981 between Mitterrand and Michel Rocard, currently agricultural minister, which never came to a head. Rocard was widely believed to be more popular in the country as a whole, but Mitterrand retained the support of the party activists. The party's Congress is comparable to the British Labour Party's in the amount of persistent damage it regularly inflicts on the party's image. Against Mitterrand's 'pragmatic' coalition there is the Rocard faction, the Prime Minister's faction (the survival from the party's lean years: working-class socialism centred on PM Pierre Mauroir) and CERES, the nearest thing in the party to a Militant Tendency. But, although Congress is in theory sovereign, it cannot pass binding decisions on the President and Mitterrand has in practice been able to assert his independence.

Spain

The Spanish Socialist Workers Party (PSOE) exists very much to support Spain's most popular politician, Felipe Gonzales. He took over at the time of Franco's death in 1976, and caught the mood of the time – democracy untainted by the Right or the Communists. This caused problems for the party activists, most of whom were Marxists. But the Marxists didn't have a leader, and recognised Gonzales's ability to win elections. A show-down took place when the 1978 party Congress voted a document which said that the rich should be made less rich and which attacked the monarchy. Gon-

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zales resigned, knowing that his opponents in the party could not replace him. He was right and the party was transformed into a 'Felipista' party. Since then, the formal party constitution has not been particularly relevant.

Portugal

The Socialist Party in Portugal (PS) formed the government after the Revolution in 1976, but was succeeded by a variety of Centre-Right governments in 1978. After elections in April, the PS under Mario Soares again formed a government, in coalition with the Centre-Right Social Democrats. Until 1981, the party Secretariat (the equivalent of the NEC, but with more power) was in the hands of Soares's opponents. Soares – a former Communist – was saying as late as 1979 that capitalism couldn't survive in Portugal, but by 1980 had moved to the right and become pro-US – he is a close friend of Frank Carluicci, the deputy head of the CIA and former ambassador to Portugal. His opponents were orthodox socialists, but did not have an obvious leader. Soares resigned as party leader at the end of 1980, but at the April 1981 party conference swept back, triumphantly re-establishing his grip on the party. The Secretariat was taken over by Soares supporters, and in the election this year Soares' opponents, who had been in a majority in the parliamentary group, failed to be renominated as parliamentary candidates.

Greece

The Greek socialist party, PASOK, which came to power in October 1981, was created by Papandreou in 1974 (at the end of the colonels' dictatorship). Papandreou's father dominated the previous socialist party, the Centre Union, that existed between the Second World War and the military coup in 1967. PASOK relies for its local organisation on the family ties of this old socialist network. The party's sovereign body, its Congress, has not yet met. The party is run by a nine-member executive, elected from its ranks by the Central Committee, which consists of 20 MPs and 60 representatives elected by Congress. Under the party constitution, devised by Papandreou in 1974 – which has been described as having 'democratic overtones' – the leader is elected by Congress, which consists of elected representatives of constituency parties, MPs and the Central Committee. But despite the formal structure of a democratic party, one close observer describes the PASOK party structure as 'wall-to-wall Papandreou'.

Italy

Until the party Congress in Palermo in 1981 the Italian Socialists elected their leader through a 240-member Central Committee, roughly equivalent in status to the British Labour Party's NEC. Craxi instituted a change whereby he was elected directly by the Congress and secured an 80 per cent vote. Delegates to Congress are committed to vote for particular slates for the Central Committee and for particular candidates for party secretary and vice-secretaries. For next year's Congress they will also be locally mandated to vote for the leader. Craxi rules the party with an iron hand, and has seen the power of the party executive (the *direzione*, 15 to 20 strong, elected by the Central Committee) and of the leader of the parliamentary group wane in recent years.

West Germany

The German Social Democratic Party (SPD) is one of the few European parties not dominated by one man. The SPD went into the election earlier this year with two leaders: Chancellor-candidate Hans-Jochen Vogel and party chairman Willy Brandt. It also has a leader of the party in the Bundestag (Federal Parliament). When Brandt was Chancellor, he combined the position with that of party chairman. His successor Helmut Schmidt has no formal position in the party leadership, now that he is no longer Chancellor. The party's constitution has not resolved the problem of creating an active national leader when in opposition. The annual party conference elects the party chairman. A Chancellor-candidate is chosen by a special party conference in the run-up to federal elections, which are normally held every four years. This special conference is essentially a stage-managed part of the election campaign.

Australia

The Australian Labor Party's way of electing its leader is like the pre-electoral college British Labour Party. But the 'caucus' system is much more highly developed. The caucus elects the party leader, who can be challenged at any caucus meeting, and the deputy leader, who is automatically deputy prime minister or deputy leader of the opposition. Groupings within the Labor caucus are constantly at each other's throats, restrained only by the discipline of the caucus majority vote. An Australian Labor Cabinet is also bound by policy decisions made by the caucus. Until this year, the cabinet was also elected by the caucus. Hawke claimed that a cabinet of nearly 30 people was unwieldy and only selected about half of the 'ministers' elected by caucus to serve in his Cabinet.

Canada

The Canadian socialist party, the New Democrats, is explicitly not a 'party of government'. At the last election, in 1980, it polled 20 per cent of the vote and gained 32 seats in the 282-seat federal parliament. It is accustomed to being the 'third party', behind the Liberals and the Tories. Its parliamentary spokespeople are thus not 'shadow ministers' but are known as 'critics'. The party's biennial convention is required to elect a leader, who since 1975 has been Ed Broadbent. He has not been challenged since. Constituencies elect delegates to the convention (all voting at convention is unmandated by secret ballot). The party caucus in parliament elects a chairman, deputy chairman and the 'critics', but its role is to interpret convention policy, not to make its own. □

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In their demoralisation, some on the Left uphold the foundation of Bevan's Welfare State as a golden age for the labour movement. But, from the beginning, much was wrong with welfare socialism, argues Hilary Rose

A DOMINANT theme within Labour's election campaign, echoed from Foot to Hattersley and Benn, was the call for a return to 1945, to Attleeism, with the implicit message that this was the golden age of socialism in power. Because the central achievement of the Attlee government was the consolidation of the Welfare State – whose very existence the Right seeks, with some success, to call into question – it is tempting to share the golden age myth, to draw on its sense of past collective achievement to defend the welfare services from the present unbridled individualism of Thatcherism.

Yet that isn't really good enough, for both the conditions and the politics which brought the old Welfare State into existence (and governed its agenda for too long) have changed. There can be no going back. Socialist politics can only go forward – or nowhere.

Paradoxically, the Welfare State was claimed both as an achievement of Labour and as above class politics. To be sure, the Conservatives' Welfare State was rather more stingy than Labour's. But, until the closet monetarism of the Callaghan/Healey era and the open monetarism of Thatcher and Joseph, the ideological commitment to the Welfare State was integral to the consensus politics of the boom years. Projected as a uniquely *British* success, it served a twofold purpose in the period of post-war reconstruction. First, it stood as a symbol of a new sense of nationhood capable of transcending the old divisions of class; second, it offered to ease the national psychic trauma of the loss of Empire. Imperial Britain was dead; long live the British Welfare State!

But in fact, far from being above class – or any other politics – the establishment of the Welfare State represented a specific compromise between the interests of organised labour and those of capital, in which a far-reaching set of social reforms was won which guaranteed a particular version of everyday life in return for the continuation of a fundamentally capitalist economy. It is precisely in this compromise that the roots of today's political crisis of the Welfare State are to be found.

The first key point is the exact character of 'organised labour' at the time of the birth of the Welfare State. Labour's big battalions were primarily men working in heavy industry. Thus those far-reaching reforms which sought to guarantee everyday life did so round a conception of the working man as the new political subject of 1945, with the rest of society, the women, the child, the retired, the sick and disabled as *his* social and economic dependants. Income maintenance systems, education, housing, care of the sick, were all arranged around a conception of the ideal family, in which *he* worked for the family wage and she stayed at home. This is not to say that nobody in 1945 – or now – might have wanted this kind of family, but rather that the 1945 Welfare State 'froze' family relations at a particular moment of historical development.

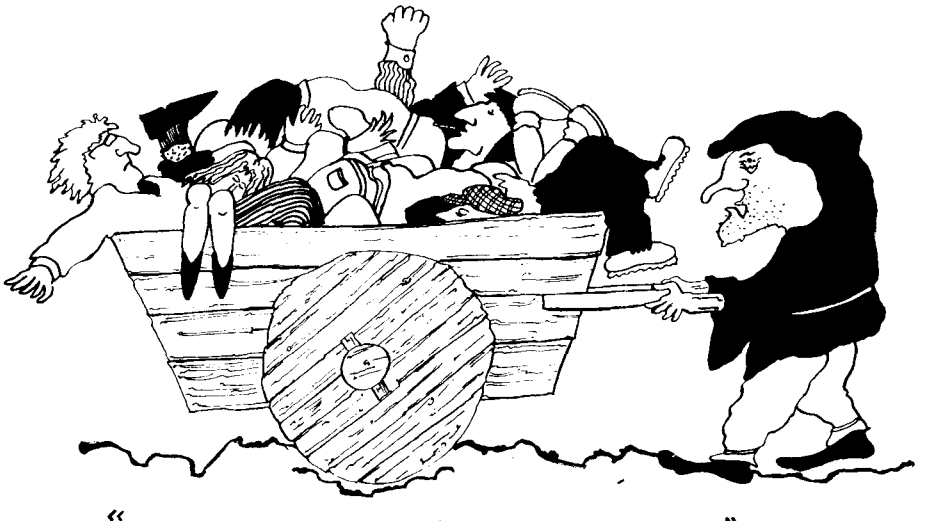
Despite the vote, women in 1945 lacked a significant and conscious presence within the labour movement. Instead, they were defined primarily as wives and mothers; that is, by their relationship to men. Thus their interests were subjugated to those of men. As political objects with no separate interests, they could be interpreted and represented by men. Of course, this doesn't do justice to the history of women's struggles to be defined as subjects in their own lives, but it does do justice to how the labour movement constructed women, and it does explain why labour and capital's compromise – the Welfare State – should have turned on the subordination of women.

IT IS POSSIBLE to argue that the sexist character of the Welfare State would not have mattered so much if the organisational structures of welfare were themselves open to democratic change. But the outstanding feature of the British Welfare State from its inception to its present crisis has been its over-reliance on representative rather than participative democracy and the inexorable slippage of its governance into the hands of the professional and managerial strata.

Look at the history of the National Health Service, rightly seen as the jewel in Labour's crown. On the 'Appointed Day' in 1948, health care was taken from the grip of the cash nexus. Patients no longer had to be rich, nor be male, nor to demonstrate the colour of their citizenship. All they had to be was sick, and they would be cared for. True, in practice it appeared as if doctors could see the needs of middle-class people more easily that they could see those of working-class people and had a disconcerting tendency to see women's needs as psychologically defined. But, nonetheless, the NHS did seem like part of that socialist commonsense which had only been dreamed of in the hard inter-war years and during the suffering of the war itself.

Yet even while the socialist intelligentsia, above all those within the medical profession, were massively behind Bevan in his struggle with the BMA, it is not clear that the NHS was actually what the people were demanding as their first priority. This is not to deny that the NHS was a solid achievement and of immense benefit to working and middle-class women, men and children. I remember my mother telling me of the death from diphtheria of a child from the Elephant and Castle elementary school where she taught in the '30s. The child's mother could not pay the doctor's bill and was afraid to call him out. The doctor wept as he told my mother, 'I would have come.'

Nonetheless, in 1946, while Bevan was bargaining with the doctors, what the working people wanted was housing, not on some 'Appointed Day' but at once. With a



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self-confidence born from the war years, those without homes – not least the demobbed troops wanting to pick up the threads of their personal lives – began to take their housing problems into their own hands. They occupied the emptying military and PoW camps, the hotels and the empty housing of the rich and, with immense ingenuity, made homes out of this unpromising shelter. The squatters enjoyed widespread popular support; Labour councillors, for example, were directly engaged in the movement. Even the police and the military initially turned a blind eye. Popular justice demanded homes for all now.

How did the Labour government respond? How did Bevan react, as the minister with joint responsibility for health and housing – the man who for the Left was seen as *the* socialist within the Attlee government? Basically with a uniform authoritarian disdain. Instead of taking pride in working class creativity in dealing with a desperate housing problem which the government hadn't the resources to meet, the Labour government retreated to condemning the movement's illegality, hunting for Reds under the bed and generally making it astonishingly easy for the Tories to derive political capital from the mess.

While this double pressure from below and from the Tories eventually compelled Bevan to adopt a more conciliatory line and to release accommodation for official squatting (to be administered *for* the homeless), he and the government came out poorly. Of course, all governments and ministers make mistakes, but given the resurrection of the myth of the golden age of the 1945 government by a new generation of Labour politicians it is important to examine 'mistakes' to determine whether they were an isolated event or part of a general philosophy.

Bevan's ineptitude over the housing issue is well recognised (see Michael Foot's biography) and many would accept that this failure helped the Tories to power in the 1951 elections which they fought on the Macmillan pledge to deliver mass housing. But the important political point concerns not only Bevan's and the Labour government's failure to respond positively and democratically to a mass social movement, but also the minimal democracy in the form of the welfare services they established.

If we examine the NHS as a socialist 'success', the historical accounts of the negotiations with the doctors emphasise that Bevan was forced to make many political concessions to the profession as the price for getting the service off the ground. The governance of health was delivered largely to the doctors, located outside local democratic control, with the only significant lines of accountability being in the overall relationship between the NHS and the Minister.

These are harsh judgments; are they totally unjust? To answer this we must look at the other structures of welfare created within the new reformed social services. In each we see organisational forms which rely exclusively on representative democracy and exclude participative democracy and which look to a managerial or professional class to run them. Thus what was true for the health service was also true for social security, council housing and the educational system. The head teacher reigned like a benign or harsh tyrant over staff and children, where management committees had little effective day-to-day power except at the single moment of teacher selection. Parents were long excluded from management committees as 'interested' parties. Despite the presence of local councillors, the management committees were effectively run by the professionals. Equally, tenants were excluded from the management of council housing.

ALTHOUGH over the subsequent years some changes in the direction of greater democracy were to come about, they did so in the context of the massive and bureaucratic growth of the entire range of health and welfare services. Of course, we can rejoice at a lively school management committee where teachers and parents are struggling to develop new forms of managing the school, or at the exceptional Community Health Council which makes an effective intervention into the politics of health – despite its origins as a democratic afterthought pinned onto a health service reorganised on the lines of Taylorian scientific management.

Nonetheless, the massive bureaucratic structures produced by successive Labour governments have only been modestly influenced by these democratic elements. The greatest influence for democracy within the whole edifice of the welfare services, the student movement of 1968, was essentially treated in the same way as the squatters of 1946. It was seen as a popular aberration, to be lived through until the serious business of running education in a non-political – that is, a conservative – way could be resumed.

It is not by accident that those academics who acted as political advisers to Labour governments were in the main either detached from or opposed to the student movement. Not every demand of that movement was right, but there was a profound hope, shared by socialist teachers and students alike, that education could be made accountable to its users and its content made relevant. If the Labour government had been midwife to the democratic reforms so urgently needed, would not the whole of education have been in better shape to defend itself from the smears of Gould and the Black Papers and the massive new attack by Joseph which denies even the economic justifications for the Robbins university reforms? (In retrospect, it seems obvious why Shirley Williams was such a conspicuously poor minister for education – doing nothing, above all, for the working-class school leaver – and only fitting that she is in the SDP, for the SDP has inherited the worst of Labour's dirigistic mantle.)

Some might deny this interpretation of a political opportunity missed, on the grounds that the students were all middle-class anyway. Against this it is worth noting that Labour governments have been equally insensitive to the claims for democracy from the poorest in society. The Claimants' Unions were equally cast by Labour as political outsiders. The important issue was the appointment by political patronage of humane members of the Supplementary Benefits Commission. Indeed, there is some irony in the fact that it has taken a Thatcher government to acknowledge the existence of the 35 federated Claimant Unions by using them as one of the means of communicating with claimants improperly denied benefit.

The Labour Party in office has a long history of taking the politics out of welfare. What began in the golden age as a paternalistic exclusion of the workers and recipients of welfare was extended and made systematic during the years of massive expansion. The vast new bureaucracies facilitated a reliance on 'scientific' management and fostered services which were not only experienced as coercive by those who used them or worked within them, but which also limited the chances of reform from the bottom upwards.

BUT THIS unresponsive Welfare State, which seemed to have frozen man as the full-time fully employed worker and woman as the full-time housewife, has itself partly produced the conditions in which these archetypes no longer exist. For welfare has become the great employer of women – not of course in the managerial strata, but as the full and part-time proletariat of the caring services. Nor, despite the Conservative government's not-so-secret yearnings, can even they turn the clock back on women. Even within the Tory Party, women have become political activists, whose subservience cannot be taken for granted.

The new presence of women within the trade union movement – together with the weakening of the industrial base and its male-dominated unions – means that the politics of organised labour are – whether the old guard likes it or not – undergoing a fundamental change. The arena of community politics, that burgeoning of democratic participation, has singularly belonged to women. That these have, with the exception of valiant attempts by the socialist cities, failed to become connected with the malestream of Labour politics tells us too much about the inability of the Party to transform itself fast enough.

Please, no more dead heroes; let us salute them in their time. Our time is now, and we need the politics for that time. □

Hilary Rose is Professor of Social Policy in the University of Bradford.

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DISARMAMENT

Nothing really new

Duncan Campbell analyses President Reagan's latest public statement on the Geneva talks

PRESIDENT REAGAN's three-point package of 'new' disarmament proposals, unveiled to the United Nations on Monday, contained only one concession to the Soviet Union – the offer to extend the discussions to include in the negotiations aircraft with nuclear capacity as well as missiles. But this, if tabled formally at the renewed Geneva negotiations on Intermediate Nuclear Forces, would certainly stretch out the time needed to reach *any* agreement.

In contrast, the package of Soviet proposals announced in August (in which unsurprisingly the Americans showed no interest even before the shooting down of the Korean jumbo) contained the unique offer to destroy physically a number of SS20 missiles, in the event of an appropriate agreement being reached.

Reagan's three points include:

- The United States would not seek to deploy the same number of missiles in *Europe* as the Soviet Union had *throughout its territory*;
- Aircraft as well as missiles might be included in the discussions;
- Missile 'mix' could be discussed – if the Geneva talks resulted in agreement on reduced overall numbers, then some of the US missiles not deployed could be Pershing II ballistic missiles (which are especially threatening to Moscow) rather than cruise missiles.

The small print of the President's speech reveals, however, that the first two 'concessions' are merely restatements of obvious points.

SS20 missiles are deployed on western sites facing Europe and on Siberian sites facing the Far East, where the perceived threat is primarily from China – but also includes US nuclear strike carriers and bases in Okinawa, Guam and the Philippines. Some SS20 missiles are based in the Urals area and could strike border targets in either China or NATO Europe. Reagan promised on Monday that the number of new US missiles going into Europe would only match the number of SS20s threatening Europe and that he would not seek to balance 'the entire global Soviet missile deployment through US deployments in Europe'.

This has always been the US and NATO position. It would indeed be novel if the new NATO missiles were now supposed to provide a nuclear balance in the Far East as well as Europe. Effectively emphasising that this was actually no concession, Reagan went on to threaten, by implication, new US missiles deployment in the Far East, adding: 'We would of course retain the right to deploy missiles elsewhere'.

In Europe, the real issue is whether, if agreement is reached in Geneva, the Soviets would simply move their surplus SS20s eastwards, creating an unpleasant headache for Japan – and how they would be prevented from moving them back to threaten Europe in a crisis. The new Soviet offer to destroy the missiles would, if genuine and verifiable, deal with this point effectively. On Monday, however, Reagan did not respond to the Soviet offer.

Reagan's second proposal was to be 'more flexible (and) consider mutually acceptable ways to address the Soviet desire that an agreement should limit aircraft as well as missiles'. When these Geneva negotiations began in October 1980, the Soviet Union wanted aircraft counted in as US 'forward-based systems'. In this, they failed. The central problem with aircraft is the definition of 'long range theatre nuclear forces'. Are land-based forces only counted? What about the long-range nuclear strike aircraft aboard the aircraft carriers of the Sixth and Second fleets? Should F4 Phantoms be included, as well as the longer range US F111s or British Vulcans?

Should Soviet Sukhio 1s be counted, as the US wanted? What about aircraft based in the United States, but earmarked to move forward to European NATO bases in crisis? On these problems negotiation quickly foundered and both sides agreed *pro tem* to stick to medium range missiles. Reagan's new flexibility on aircraft is only a new concession of substance if the US will compromise on which types of aircraft should be included in the INF 'balance'.

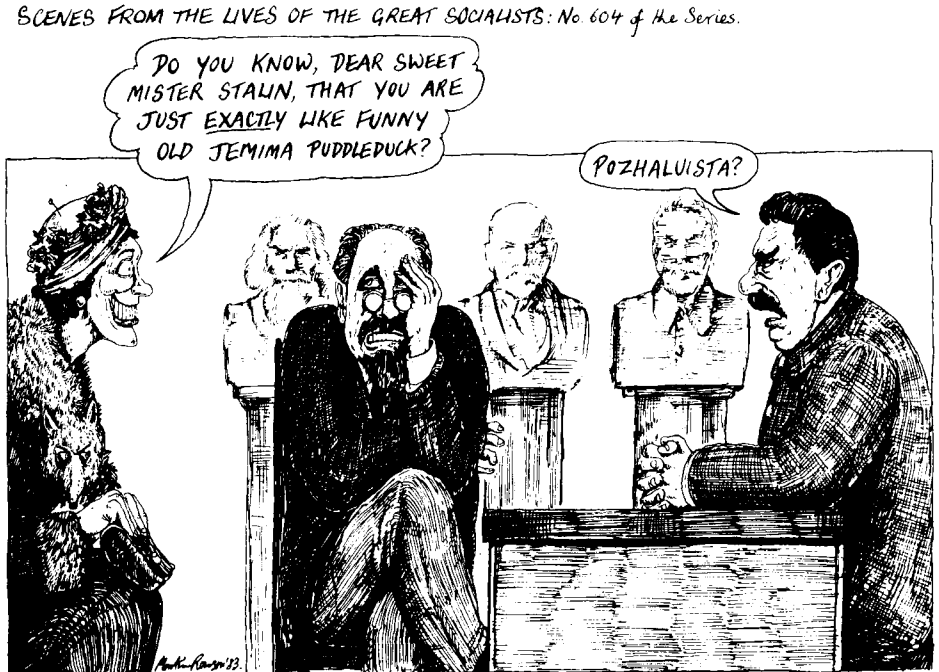
Proposal number three appeared to concede ground to Moscow on Pershing missiles totals, which could destroy major Soviet centres in a few minutes. Reagan suggested that:

> the United States will address the mix of missiles that would result from reductions. In the context of reduction to equal levels we are prepared to reduced the number of Pershing II ballistic missiles as well as ground launched cruise missiles.

This is again, a restatement of the existing formal US position – the 'zero option'. All SS20s in Europe should be scrapped and no cruise or Pershing missiles deployed. An acceptable alternative, for the United States, is that equal numbers of missiles be installed on each side. Figures as low as 50 or 75 missiles have been mentioned. Since only 108 of the planned 572 new NATO missiles would be Pershings (and many of the earliest missiles to be installed, such as at Greenham Common, will be cruise missiles anyway), any agreement significantly to reduce presently planned missile totals would imply the US abandoning Pershing missiles.

During the summer of *1982*, according to the *New York Times*, the US and Soviet negotiators, Paul H. Nitze and Yuri A. Kvitzinsky, discussed a possible 75-a-side agreement that would have involved scrapping the entire Pershing II force. So the United States can scarcely claim that it is now coming to Geneva with something entirely new.

THE OVERALL problem in reaching agreement remains the position of Britain


SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No. 604 of the Series.
DO YOU KNOW, DEAR SWEET MISTER STALIN, THAT YOU ARE JUST EXACTLY LIKE FUNNY OLD JEMIMA PUDDLEDUCK?
POZHALUISTA?
SIDNEY WEBB HAS, IT WOULD APPEAR, ABSENT-MINDEDLY MARRIED THE WRONG MISS POTTER.

Martin Rowson

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and France. The Soviet version of the zero option involves an equal match – either of warheads or of missiles – between their SS20s and British and French submarine and land-based missiles. If this was accepted by NATO, the Soviets say that they are ready to destroy all but 162 SS20 missiles facing Europe. There is logic in this, since Britain's Polaris missiles are committed to NATO and the Gaullist pretence that French nuclear defence was *à toute azimut* is no longer convincing – French missiles are targeted on the USSR, not Washington or London. During the SALT talks the British argued that Polaris is not a strategic but a theatre weapon and should not be included then. Now (with US support) they are arguing the exact opposite.

What must now be certain is that Pershing missiles will be deployed (from 15 December) and that cruise missiles will come to Greenham Common (date not known precisely). At this point, the Soviet Union may leave Geneva and start manufacturing its own cruise missiles, together with yet more SS20 missiles – as it has threatened. It may keep talking and eventually be offered a freeze by the United States, after several hundred missiles have been deployed – leaving three or four hundred missiles on each side.

A senior US official told me this month that the missiles due to arrive at Greenham Common to achieve their 'interim operational capability' by the end of December might as well be 'made of cardboard. It would not matter'. What is at stake now is no longer anything to do with the effective operation of a nuclear deterrent system. It is, for the United States, a problem of asserting that NATO alliance solidarity is still intact and of upholding the individual and collective *machismo* of member governments in the face of Soviet opposition and protest from the peace movement. □

PRISONS

Arbitrary powers

Terry O'Halloran reports on appeals against Boards of Visitors

TWO FURTHER legal actions arising from the Albany and Wormwood Scrubs prison protests have forced the Home Office to suspend punishments against two prisoners.

On 12 August, Justice Popplewell gave Albany prisoner Jimmy Tarrant leave to proceed with a judicial review of the internal disciplinary hearings (see *NS* 26 August). In response to this, the Home Office suspended 12 outstanding hearings involving mutiny charges, but refused to suspend punishments awarded in the hearings which had already taken place. It was this refusal that prisoner Roy Leyland successfully challenged in the High Court on 7 September. Roy Leyland's punishment of 400 days loss of remission and 56 days loss of earnings has been suspended pending judicial review. And, on Monday 12 September, following a hearing in the High Court, the punishment awarded against Wormwood Scrubs prisoner Tommy Tangey was also suspended.

The Prison Department refuses, however, to suspend the other punishments against prisoners involved in these protests, claiming that the Home Secretary has no power to do so. This position is questionable, as the Home Secretary has power under Prison Rule 56(1) to remit any disciplinary award, or to mitigate any disciplinary award by reducing it, or by substituting a lesser punishment. Three more Albany prisoners – Tony Clarke, Paul Norney and Steve Blake – are taking legal action to have their punishments suspended.

There are now four judicial reviews pending. All of them centre on the nature of hearings by Boards of Visitors. It is these secret, internal disciplinary proceedings

MYTH

Most of the other functions of the GLC are either worthless or, like Fire and the Police, quite easily managed by some joint arrangement among the Boroughs.

Daily Telegraph
25.9.83.

FACT

Worthless GLC services include London-wide refuse disposal, co-ordination of transport; flood prevention; emergency planning; pollution control; inspection of buildings for fire and structural risks; major arts and leisure facilities; building and renovation of housing; promotion of employment and trading; strategic planning for London as a whole.

Unlike other local authorities the GLC does not exercise democratic control over the police.

In the light of the Government's proposals to abolish the GLC, we would like the chance to tell the delegates to the Labour Party Conference more of the FACTS.

A GLC Exhibition with a video and information packs to take away will be at The Charlotte Room, Grand Hotel, Brighton for the conference.

Ken Livingstone will be speaking about the future of the GLC at a meeting on 'Labour's Strategy for Local Government' on Monday 3 October at 5.15pm at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton. The meeting will be chaired by Cllr Sir Jack Smart (Leader AMA).

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which have emerged as a central issue in the aftermath of the Albany and Wormwood Scrubs protests.

The much vaunted 'independence' of the Boards of Visitors is severely compromised by the fact that their membership is appointed by the Home Office. The procedure of appointment is, like so much else, secret. It is known, however, that nominees for membership frequently come through prison governors and existing Board chairpeople, who are, of course, themselves appointed by the Home Office. This 'independence' has even been questioned by members of the Boards themselves. The Chairman of Styal Board commented, in 1982: 'It is not surprising that independence is not always clear to inmates, the public, and perhaps even the Home Office, which seems at times absentmindedly to be offering us direction as well as guidance'.

An example of this is the secret Circular Instruction 38/81 and the accompanying letter to the Boards on the role of the Board members during 'serious incidents'. The letter makes the Board members' 'absolute right of access' subject to governors and wardens being able to give 'firm advice not to do this or that . . .' The letter hopes that Board members will find it 'compatible with their independent status to accept the need to defer when circumstances so demand, to the judgment of staff who are experienced and trained to manage incidents'. The Circular Instruction also states that Board members are at liberty to speak to the press, but only *after* an Offical Press Notice has been issued and *subject to* restrictions on disclosure of information.

THE HOME OFFICE'S attitude to disclosure of information was indicated in the case of Official Prison Visitor Jonathan Pollitzer. Pollitzer revealed to the press what he knew about the behaviour of the MUFTI squad during the Wormwood Scrubs protest of 31 August 1979. He was summarily sacked.

The Home Office guidelines on Board of Visitors hearings, issued in April 1977, severely restrict prisoners' ability to defend themselves. Only two hours' notice of the hearing is prescribed in the guidelines. The prisoner may be allowed to put questions but, if he 'in any way abuses' this opportunity, the chairman can stop him and take over the questioning. The form issued to prisoners says, more bluntly, 'Do not argue with witnesses'. The prisoner may call witnesses, but must first satisfy the Board that their evidence is necessary and the Board can refuse to call such witnesses if, for example, it considers their evidence to be irrelevant or repetitious. There is no appeal open to prisoners against such decisions, except through outside courts. The guidelines do not mention the issue of representation and, therefore, do not actually forbid it – but the Prison Department and Boards have always refused legal representation.

Throughout the hearing, prisoners are made to stand with a prison officer facing them at each shoulder. They cannot make notes, and these conditions are hardly conducive to a prepared defence. One example, from the Hull prison protest of 1976, shows just how summary this 'justice' can be. Peter Rajah was sentenced to 390 days loss of remission and 154 days loss of privileges, earnings and associated labour after a hearing in which *three* questions were asked and which lasted just 15 minutes.

It is no surprise that these procedures have been under sustained attack for years. A number of judicial reviews have been granted, in response to breaches of natural justice. The first was a result of the Hull protest in 1976, when, for the first time, the courts declared a right of judicial review in Board of Visitors hearings in which serious penalties were involved. Eventually, punishments in respect of 16 charges were quashed, and repeated applications for judicial review have since been made with varying success.

In Europe, the process has gone further. In the case of Fell and Campbell v UK, arising from the 1976 Albany protest, the European Commission of Human Rights ruled that Boards of Visitors were not independent of the Prison Department, that their proceedings and decisions were not public and that the refusal to allow access to legal assistance and legal representation all involved breaches of Article 6 of the European Convention.

Justice, the British section of the International Commission of Jurists, has called for the abolition of the disciplinary role of Boards of Visitors; the use of panels of local magistrates, with the normal rules of natural justice; and the use of the courts for serious cases. The Report remarks that 'the prisoner finds himself in a society ruled not by law, but by arbitrary power'. □

MADAME BLAVATSKY

Why were, and are, so many people, by way of books and articles, so concerned to besmirch her reputation, to prove her a fraud, and to denigrate her works? Is it because they are afraid? Does what she had to say undermine the "authority" of our highest institutions? Is "orthodoxy" fearful of the searchlight of her encyclopaedic knowledge and powerful intellect? Is it that academic vested interest must discredit her to maintain its own position? You can only find this out by reading her works for yourself. We suggest you would never be sorry if you did!

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THIS ENGLAND

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□ Mr McGregor had to crawl for 900 yards on his hands and knees to reach the coal surface. Wearmouth is a modern pit, efficient and well-equipped. – *BBC TV 9 O'clock News* (G. J. Hetherington).

□ Male MPs who complete a questionnaire on whether they wear Y-front underpants are promised an 'exclusively monogrammed pair' in the appropriate party colours by Mr Oliver Sellars, the public relation consultant conducting the survey.' – *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott).

OBITUARY

Wilfred Burchett

WILFRED BURCHETT, one of the great campaigning journalists of our time, has died in Bulgaria at the age of 72. He had been ill for some time. Although a man who was sometimes used by his sources (some would say exploited), his honesty, dedication and success as a reporter made him a model to his profession.

He was born in Australia, where his early experience of injustice radicalised him. After a vigorous self-education, he embarked on a career as a foreign correspondent. In the Germany of the 1930s Burchett gained an impression of fascism that was never to leave him. As a writer he always lived by the maxim that objectivity was not enough. He felt that he had a duty to help. He did. He smuggled Jews out of Germany and followed the allied armies through some of the most tenacious fighting of the Second World War.

But it was after the war had to all intents and purposes been won that Burchett filed his most important and portentous copy. As the first Western journalist to reach Hiroshima he wrote in the *Daily Express:* 'The Atomic Plague. I write this as a warning to the world'. The world took little notice.

While he was reporting from Korea, an incident took place which always saddened him. He was falsely accused of standing by as Australian prisoners were tortured. His passport was taken away. It was only after world-wide pressure that the situation was rectified.

In South-East Asia he was one of the few who reported truthfully events from the 'wrong' side. He was always proud to have been active and present during the struggle for Vietnamese independence – the sufferings of the region were probably his greatest source of sorrow.

He managed to provoke all shades of opinion – surely the sign of a good journalist – and was always surprised that he survived assassination over the years. Through China and the Soviet Union, Vietnam and Cambodia, and most of Europe he gained access to all of the world's trouble spots for over 50 years.

When last in this country he was asked how many books he had written. He replied that he didn't remember. It was over 30 and few of them made him even a living wage.

He was a sincere man in a cynical age; and he suffered for that. But there are few if any reporters to compare with him. Powerful governments and certain individuals will not mourn the passing of Wilfred Burchett. That is something he'd be rather pleased about.

Mike Coren

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DIARY

Michael Leapman

Nobody else seems to have noticed, but this coming winter marks a significant political anniversary. It will be ten years since the miners went on strike and brought down Edward Heath's government, propelling Harold Wilson, to his great surprise, back into power. Can it really be as long ago as that? My memories are still vivid of shopping for bargains in Oxford Street's January sales by the light of hurricane lamps. Then, next summer, comes the tenth anniversary of the still more remarkable follow up – the great shortages and the consequent pervasive delusion that the whole economic and social fabric was about to disintegrate. Older readers will recall the fun of queuing for sugar; or lurking round the lavatory paper section of the supermarket, ready to pounce when a new box was brought from the store room; or those retired colonels in the West Country, forming private armies to seize the reins when everything spun out of control.

There was a move towards self-sufficiency. Long waiting lists grew up for allotments, which presumably would have had to be defended to the death by private armies when the crunch came. (I was reminded how long ago all this was a couple of weeks ago when, presenting the prizes at a suburban flower show, I was told there were now allotments in the area to be had for the asking.) We ought to be putting our minds to how this seminal anniversary might best be celebrated. I suggest a commemorative candle-lit queue-in at Sainsbury's with community chanting of: 'Where has all the flour gone?', then burning Heath in effigy on a stack of toilet rolls. There is scope for alternative suggestions, but something clearly has to be arranged. The new Labour leader must place it high on his list of priorities.

○

I'm writing a book about TV-am, so was especially interested in Bob Woffinden's article on the subject in last week's *NS*. It reflected the concern of many of the telly people I've been speaking to that the trend in current affairs treatment is sharply down market. But the Oxbridge graduates who run that side of TV have never truly come to terms with the fact that it's a mass medium, and that, if you're aiming for an audience of the size that reads the *Sun*, it's no use at all giving them the *Guardian*, or even the *Daily Telegraph*. The notion that there's a way of reporting serious themes responsibly and still keeping the millions watching seems heady stuff when declaimed to fellow professionals at that annual orgy of self-indulgence, the Edinburgh TV Festival; but there's no evidence to support it.

Woffinden also observed correctly that everyone involved 'under-estimated the fiercely competitive instincts of the BBC' in deciding to offer a rival breakfast service. They did, but if they had thought back to those futile but ferocious rows between the networks over sports coverage a few years ago, they would have foreseen that the BBC, however strapped for cash, would spare no expense to undercut the commercial effort, if for no other reason than *amour propre*.

But what would have happened if TV-am had been allowed the field to itself? Would we still be watching Anna and Angela and the rest without realising we don't like them much at that time of the morning? And although the programmes might have a more serious bias, would that monopoly be a good or bad thing? These intriguing questions are among those I'll be addressing in my book, out next spring.

○

Although summer is over, there are still masses of tourists in London, mostly Americans enjoying the favourable exchange rate. They bring in their wake a dilemma that I've found no way of resolving. Rounding Hyde Park Corner on the top of a No. 2 bus the other afternoon, the young American woman across the aisle confidently told her companions that they were passing Marble Arch. She went on to insist that they shouldn't miss Speakers' Corner, locating it by waving in the broad direction of Knightsbridge. Had I intervened to correct her, she would have looked a fool. I had no wish to be the agent for such loss of face. I looked fixedly out of the window. Since I got off the bus half way up Park Lane, I don't know how she reacted when the real Marble Arch came into view. Maybe she retracted gracefully, but I expect she will have blundered on with her rewriting of geography by announcing it as Portman Square or the Cenotaph. I am at a loss to determine the correct etiquette for the innocent Londoner caught in such a trap, seized with a mission to explain, yet anxious not to offend. Perhaps I should get a discreet card printed, to hold aloft on my next encounter with a misinformed guide. It would read simply: 'No it isn't.'

○

Speaking of gratuitous advice, if you stay tuned long enough to Radio 4 you are certain to hear the announcer clear his or her throat, put on a solemn tone and offer pious words of caution about what to do when your lawn mower runs over its electric lead. It will be the Central Office of Information going about its daily busybodying business, like a neighbour who leans across as you're trimming the hedge and tells you how his sister-in-law cut her finger off with the shears when doing the same thing. Who asked the COI for its lugubrious and nanny-ish opinion? Who pays for it? (Easy – the community, most of whom don't own lawn mowers anyway.)

And has there been research to determine whether anyone has actually altered his or her mowing technique as a result, or taken any of the other prissy advice offered by these radio spots? We're led to believe that this government embraces the individual's right to stand on its own feet, exploit its workers, avoid its taxes and develop its property free from official interference. But this distaste for paternalism (maternalism?) obviously doesn't extend to acts of lawn mowing undertaken in private. If radio silence could be imposed on the COI – 1984 seems an appropriate year for it – maybe the whole outfit could be abolished. (It seems to do little else with itself but make noises on the radio.) That's one budget cut I'd support wholeheartedly.

ROGER WODDIS

Hatchet job

'If he is to go further, as he should, the help of the Prime Minister in anaesthetising public reaction will be invaluable.' – Daily Telegraph *on cuts in the National Health Service being made by Norman Fowler, the Social Services Secretary.*

Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done,
She gave her father forty-one.

That crime of 1892
Still chills our squeamish blood, it's true,
But Lizzie was an amateur,
Compared to nasty Norm and Her.

Though surgeons seek to lessen pain
By damping down the active brain,
The best way to anaesthetise
Is with a hefty whiff of lies.

Some, hearing Doctor Shock declare
His deep concern for patient care
And seeing now what Fowler's at,
Will ask, 'What bloody man is that?'

More cuts before the blood congeals
Will serve to guard our High Ideals,
And killing off the NHS
Will add to human happiness.

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Puppet masters

Is US involvement in the Middle East just 'self-defence'? Claudia Wright investigates the White House claim

Washington

EVER SINCE MR REAGAN came to power, the Administration's policy in the Middle East has been a cocked pistol looking for an opportunity to discharge.

In this respect, there is little to distinguish his two Secretaries of State to date, except that Alexander Haig proved to be a fraction shrewder than George Shultz. Haig understood that it was better to have the Israelis do the fighting. That was because he understood the basic principle of manipulating surrogates – pick one that can fight effectively. The band of cutthroat Phalangists that Shultz has adopted are not in the same class as the Peace-for-Galilee columns that were fighting at the same place in Beirut a year ago.

When the ambassadors of Britain, France and Italy secretly went to the State Department on 21 and 22 September to urge the Administration not to implicate the Europeans in the expanding US war aims in Lebanon, they did not give the Under Secretary of State, Lawrence Eagleburger, the lecture on the tactics of imperialism that Britain, France and Italy are well qualified to deliver. 'A bombardment is a horrible thing,' Prime Minister William Gladstone had been told by his Foreign Secretary, Lord Glanville, on the eve of the British plan to overthrow the Egyptian government by shelling Alexandria. 'But it will clear the air and accelerate a solution of some sort of other.' That was in July 1882.

Britain and Italy probably share the honours for first applying aerial strafing and bombing to the repression of Arab nationalists on the ground. Italy used these tactics in the long war in Libya between 1911 and 1932, while Britain set an early world record for aerial murder in the Middle East during one week in December 1923, when 144 Iraqis opposed to British rule in Baghdad were killed in aerial attacks by the RAF.

The French easily surpassed this record at the outset of the national revolt in Algeria, though at the time the French Air Force was joined by a naval cruiser, the *Duguay-Trouin*, and hordes of French troops and civilian vigilantes, so it's impossible to give an accurate total for the slaughter. In one week in May 1945, in a hundred-mile circle around the Algerian town of Sétif, at least 16,000 Arabs were murdered. Ironically, it was an American spy who revealed to Washington the full extent of the slaughter. Washington decided to cover up for the French, a favour President Mitterrand is now reciprocating.

Ever since Colonel Robert McFarlane began his personal campaign to expand US military tactics – at a National Security Council meeting on 3 September, on the eve of Israel's withdrawal to the Awali river line – the Administration has been unable to agree on the size of the show of force that it wanted to mount. McFarlane initially wanted more Marines, airpower and naval bombardment – the Marines to move into the Shouf Mountains as the Israelis withdrew; the aerial and naval firepower to deter the Syrians or the Moslem and Druze militias from advancing. McFarlane has continued to cable Washington for tougher measures throughout the erstwhile ceasefire and reconciliation talks.

THE RESULTING decisions – to shift more Marines ashore, deploy the battleship *New Jersey*, order naval bombardment by five-inch guns, allow aerial reconnaissance by aircraft from the *USS Eisenhower* and permit occasional return-of-fire by US helicopters and Marine units – represent a *compromise*, which McFarlane's superiors and associates in Washington believed would calm everyone down. For the 25 September ceasefire, everyone claims credit for applying just the right amount of US force to achieve it.

The 'compromise' hasn't had a calming effect, however, because the Adminstration's public claims about the self-defence role have plainly been at variance with the facts on the ground. Most Congressmen have been willing to blink at the contradictions in Lebanon, but they have been unable to swallow the contradiction that the White House and Mr Schultz tried to force down their throats on Capitol Hill.

Congressmen are, by and large, keen on a show of US force in Lebanon, just as they have been happy to vote Israel additional recompense for its military losses in Lebanon last year. But in presentations to the Senate by Mr Shultz, by his assistant secretary for the region, Nicholas Veliotes, and by the State Department lawyer, Davis Robinson, the Administration refused to concede what Congress is willing to accept – that the US is at war in Lebanon. This has insulted, not the Congressmen's convictions, but their intelligence.

For all the debate over the legality of presidential warmaking in Lebanon, not a single Congressman has yet questioned the takeover of fighting by the US forces onshore and offshore, and no Congressional voice has challenged the enormous cost, or asked what value the US will get in return.

In mid-March, a Congressional Research Service study concluded that 'the (Lebanese) army is in very poor condition and exists mostly on paper at the present time . . . It will take two years to train and equip five brigades . . . which would be the minimum size force that could effectively police the country'. In order to justify its insistence of Israeli and Syrian withdrawal, according to the 17 May US-Israel-Lebanon agreement, the Administration claimed that this paper army was capable of replacing the foreign troops as they withdrew. When the Israelis began to withdraw, the paper army crept forward to attack relatively unarmed Palestinians, Druzes, and Shiites, and allowed Phalangist gangs to slip through its lines to do the really dirty work. Once the militias retaliated, the Lebanese army lost most of its Druze officers and men, and the rest took shelter within artillery cover of the Marine guns. This erstwhile army, appropriately known by its US acronym LAF, was fortunate that the Druze militia limited the fight to a single front. Had the Shiites, Palestinians and other Moslem militias opened up additional fronts from the beginning, the war would already be over.

Instead, the US has taken over direction of the war, manipulating the remaining LAF fighters and the onshore Marine units into much more than a defensive operation. This is being conducted high up in the US chain of command, which extends from Colonel Timothy Geraghty, the onshore Marine commander, to Captain M.M. France, offshore commander of Task Force 61 (which includes the Marines and their support ships) and thence to the real centre of operations, on board the *USS Eisenhower:* Rear Admiral Jerry Tuttle, commander of the main battle force of the US Sixth Fleet. McFarlane has kept his hand in the operations through army colonel Mark Gatanas, McFarlane's liaison with the Lebanese army commanders, the onshore Marine unit, and the Multinational Force.

The Pentagon insists that the US army and Special Forces trainers in Beirut are not functioning as advisers with Lebanese army units in battle. This may be so, but it is beside the point. US military men are conducting all the battlefield intelligence operations necessary to direct the onshore and offshore firing. A 33-man army unit from the US artillery centre at Fort Sill is responsible for radar-tracking of mortar and artillery firing against LAF and Marine positions. Marine observers were with LAF units during the battle for Suq el-Gharb to direct the Lebanese and American return of fire. Battlefield intelligence is disseminated to LAF by the US operations centres.

THE INTERCEPTION of Syrian, Palestinian and militia field radio transmissions is also an American operation, fed to the Lebanese who have passed fragments on to the press to make it appear that they are in charge. Pentagon sources confirm that this type of signals intelligence is beyond the capability of the LAF, and they say that no US training team has been in Beirut to teach the Lebanese how to conduct it.

Because Walid Jumblatt's Druze militia has so far waged a territorially limited and static campaign, all the Lebanese army has had to do is to hold its positions and fire

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John Minnion

where and when ordered by the US command. The Americans have also taken care of the rapidly dwindling ammunition supply. This is being flown from US army depots in Europe to British bases in Cyprus and to Egypt, then shipped to Beirut. US army trainers are helping to unload and transfer this ammunition to the firing line.

According to Pentagon officers, the flow of arms and ammunition to Lebanon this year is likely to cost at least $400 million. This is the third largest US arms programme in the Middle East – after Israel and Egypt. It is *twice* as large as the US arms programme for *all* of Central America. For the entire period from 1950 to 1982, US arms deliveries to Lebanon totalled only $123 million.

If the Administration or the Congressional committees cared to review imperial warfare in the Middle East, they might realise just how costly the US investment in this affair may be, particularly in relation to the value of the presumed stakes. Lebanon is worth almost nothing to the US, except as a demonstration of US willingness to intervene militarily elsewhere in the Arab world where the real stakes are – Saudi Arabia and the Gulf.

That was the real purpose of the previous American intervention in the Lebanon in 1958, but the US position is now much less favourable. Then, the US massed overwhelming manpower against the Moslem militias concentrated in the Basta, a quarter that is a fraction of the area of modern West Beirut. Outnumbered and surrounded, led by the malleable of Lebanese Moslems, Saeb Salaam, the militias did not resist, and there was no direct involvement from Syria. The Soviet Union sent a military mission to Damascus and arranged manoeuvres in Bulgaria, but otherwise stayed out. The entire affair was an American success, because, as the State Department told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in closed session, the operation had been ordered as a warning after the fall of the Iraqi government in Baghdad – not because the Lebanese government was considered to be in genuine danger.

The key to the 1958 success was that the US had experienced negotiators, that US troops were perceived by the Lebanese as neutral and didn't fight, and that the US had a candidate for President (General Fuad Chehab) whom the militia leaders could accept. The US didn't try to tamper with Maronite rigging of Lebanese politics, and neither Saeb Salaam, nor Kamal Jumblatt, Walid's father, sought more than to be left comfortably in charge of their satrapies.

The US negotiators also included William Eddy, an ex-Marine colonel like McFarlane, but with a notable difference. Eddy had been born in Sidon and spoke Arabic and French fluently. He had spent World War II, not as a practitioner of traditional Marine tactics, but as the leading US spy in the Arab world. After the war, he spent several years as an oil company official in Saudi Arabia. He knew what the real imperial stakes were for the US, and how to preserve them.

For Eddy, Lebanon was a sideshow. He never made McFarlane's mistake of underestimating his Arab adversaries or over-estimating his Arab friends. In his entire career, Eddy never fired a shot in the Arab world. □

TURKEY

Jerking the gag

Charles Grant on the hounding of journalist Ismet Imset

TURKEY'S MILITARY government continues to persecute Ismet Imset, the Ankara correspondent of United Press International (UPI). Last March, when UPI asked Imset to come to London for a training course, he applied for a passport. When he tried to collect it, he was beaten up by police. Since then, Imset's repeated efforts to obtain a passport have been thwarted by the political police. Thirteen promises by his government that he would receive the passport – including a signed letter by the Turkish ambassador in Washington – have come to nothing.

The tall, gaunt Imset, aged 24, has almost given up hope of quitting Turkey. He continues to work for UPI, but suffers considerable stress from regular police harassment in the street. One game played by the plain-clothes police who follow Imset and his family is to jump out from behind cars and pretend to shoot at them.

UPI's support for Imset has been half-hearted. The American news agency sent staff to Turkey on Imset's behalf, but they saw only junior government officials and did not try to see the prime minister. UPI has refused to lobby US Congressmen on Imset's behalf and has not even carried a story about him. It has told Imset that he should not try to publicise his case. The president of UPI, William Small, is a personal friend of the Turkish ambassador in Washington, Suku Elekdag.

UPI's managing editor for Europe, the Middle East and Africa, Brook Kroeger, claimed: 'We're backing Imset to the hilt, and we'll continue to support him. We believe it is better for Imset if we follow a low-key approach and avoid publicity.' Imset believes the reverse to be true. 'If I am left alone, and there is no publicity about my case outside Turkey, the government can do what they want to me,' he said. 'But if they see I am supported, then they would be reluctant to mistreat me.'

The influence of the US State Department explains some of UPI's pusillanimous behaviour. Not only has the US embassy in Ankara refused to help Imset, it has also

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discouraged UPI from taking the case to the highest levels in Turkey. It told UPI that to make a fuss over Imset would endanger Turkish-American friendship.

The Turkish government's explanation for withholding the passport is that Imset has still not been cleared of two charges dating back to 1978. He was then charged with painting an anti-Fascist slogan on a wall, an act to which he admits. At that time, as a schoolboy, he was a leftist. But Imset is not guilty of the more serious charge laid against him, of being responsible for a gun. He only confessed to having a gun after eight consecutive days of torture in 1978, during which electric shocks were applied to his fingers, feet, tongue and genitals. The torture occurred during a three-month spell in custody, after which Imset needed hospital treatment for damaged kidneys.

These charges are being dealt with in a mass trial which has dragged on for five years and is expected to continue for several more. But, despite these two charges, Imset believes that the real reason why he has been denied a passport is that his articles for UPI on human rights abuse in Turkey have infuriated the political police. In private, sources in the prime minister's office confirm that the political police has a vendetta against Imset.

If Imset could take up the posting abroad, he would be allowed to postpone his military service, which, otherwise, he must start in November. The authorities have told Imset that he must serve as a private. This worries him. 'Political' middle-class conscripts generally suffer a rough time in the army. Recently, several such conscripts are reported to have died, after being set savage ordeals to perform by army commanders. If he is conscripted, Imset will be paid the equivalent of 7p per day, not enough to support his wife and child. In that event, UPI should continue to pay his full salary. If they will not, the International Federation of Journalists should. Imset is a member of the IFJ, also of the NUJ.

Turkey's domestic press has been cowed into submission since the coup three years ago. But the case of Imset reveals that the foreign press, too, is being driven towards a position from which it will be unable to criticise the generals. Of all the foreign correspondents in Ankara, only the *Guardian*'s has dared to write about Imset. Others are frightened of antagonising the government. The Ankara correspondent of one well known European paper, a Turk, admitted in private that he hasn't covered Imset's case because he has been tortured in the past and doesn't want to be tortured again.

The correspondent of one British newspaper in Ankara has his phone tapped, his flat bugged, and is followed by plain-clothes policemen. When a delegation of visiting MPs recently asked an official at the British embassy in Ankara if it was doing anything about these infringements, he replied: 'You know we tap the phones of subversives in our own country, so you can hardly blame the Turks for doing the same to troublemakers in their country.' □

FRANCE

Awaking racism

Denis MacShane describes the new tactics of the French Right

IN FRANCE as in Britain, six o'clock in the morning is not a time when many are listening to the radio. The exceptions, perhaps, are those who are either beginning or ending work, the night cleaners or station porters doing the dirty, poorly paid work of immigrant workers. That is probably why the French state radio was last week broadcasting announcements at dawn explaining how immigrant workers could repatriate themselves and what the government would do to help them.

The tone was kindly, informative and suggested that repatriation was in the best interests of the workers themselves, rather than a deep desire on the part of the Socialist government of France. Certainly, the word repatriation did not feature in the programme on which the Left was elected in 1981. Yet the question of immigrant workers and their families is being shoved to the top of the contemporary political agenda by a newly revived and new-look French Right determined ruthlessly to exploit the time-bomb of French racism.

The best publicised expression of the problem was the recent municipal election in the Normandy town of Dreux. The openly racist ('Hospitals and school places should be saved for French citizens') National Front, a name lifted from the British extreme right group, received 17 per cent of the votes in the second round of the election. That, in itself, although significant, is not conclusive – after all, the British neo-Nazis secured the odd respectable vote in the local elections of the 1970s and are nowhere nearer power today than then. What is important is that the French right-wing parties openly welcomed the National Front's success in the first round of the election and entered into an electoral pact for the decisive second round.

Most remarkable of all was the response of Raymond Aron, a former college mate of Jean-Paul Sartre and the philosopher-historian-columnist who has acted as the liberal conscience of French conservatism for four decades. Aron said that the alliance with the racist National Front was insignificant compared with Mitterrand's inclusion of four communist ministers in his government.

Cynics put down Aron's extraordinary comparison and endorsement of the Dreux alliance to a desire to boost sales of his newly published memoirs, but the octogenarian Aron has always been supremely clever in divining the shifts in mood of the French Right and providing the required intellectual justification.

And what the Right has seized on in France, to unleash as much anti-government pressure as possible, is the issue of immigrants. For the past 18 months, the French right-wing press has fed the public with stories about immigrant families – linking them with crime, violence, drugs, lowering education standards and poor housing. Strikes by North African workers, for perfectly sensible economic reasons, have been presented as the result of agitation by Muslim fundamentalists. The leader of the right-wing trade union confederation, Force Ouvrière, has publicly made the equation between the presence of two million immigrants and the two million French unemployed. The French Communist Party is still hopelessly compromised by the activities two years ago of a prominent French Communist mayor, who ordered the destruction of a hostel for Malian workers in order to force them elsewhere, an act that was never condemned by the PCF leadership.

AFTER THE INITIAL and generous response of affording an amnesty to immigrant workers who had arrived illegally in France prior to May 1981, Mitterrand has resorted to mechanisms familiar to those who recall the Labour government's handling of the Kenyan Asians in 1968, or the squirming over British nationality legislation from 1974 to 1979.

Immigrant workers are to be divided into the good (those who came to France legally and whose children were born in France) and the bad (those who scrambled into France without papers from any of the many African countries that were treated as an integral part of France until 1960). For the good, there is the promise of full integration into French life: in other words, they had better learn to speak, eat, act and behave as white Frenchmen. For the bad, there is to be a full-scale huntdown and administrative expulsion back across the Mediterranean. What this means in practice is that the French police are now sanctioned to stop any non-white face and require proof of identity, status, employer's name and so on.

So a little over two years after the overwhelming victory for the Left in both presidential and legislative elections, the ever-resilient French Right is getting back into harness. Right candidates did well in the Senatorial elections on 25 September. The week before, a new super-slick weekly journal appeared. The nationally launched publication, *Magazine Hebdo*, makes no pretence to objectivity. It is for the Right and says so, both in its editorial and in its choice of subjects and writers. The 180-page magazine is packed with advertisements from German and American companies as if to say that Mitterrand may have nationalised key industries, but the multinationals still have plenty of clout. *Magazine Hebdo* welcomed the Dreux result and promised to report on other expressions of right-wingism developing in France.

The rivalry between Giscard, Chirac and Barre means that the revived French Right has yet to find the unity around an indi-

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vidual political leader that the French presidential system demands.

While the French intellectual Left is demoralised and silenced by the failure of Mitterrand to conjure up the transformation so liberally promised in the long haul up to 1981, the French intellectual Right is now aggressively promoting its ideas.

It claims, of course, that all this is taking place within the firmest commitment to democracy. It may be sincere. No one would dare accuse Raymond Aron, for example, of conscious racism. And yet, the memory of French people allowed free rein to their racist feelings is not reassuring. In her wartime diaries, Simone de Beauvoir records how she would visit Drancy, on the outskirts of Paris, to wave across the barbed wire at Jewish friends waiting transportation to the death camps of the Third Reich. Drancy was the collecting point for French Jews en route for Auschwitz, but it has not been given any prominence in the history of the German occupation of France.

The reason is simple: the business of weeding out French Jews, stamping their identity cards, marking them with yellow Stars of David and, eventually, shipping them eastwards was done by the French themselves. The Germans sat back, pressed a button and let French racism unleash itself on the Jews.

The cruelty of French soldiers towards Arabs during the struggle for independence in Algeria is notorious. What is less known is that de Gaulle sacrificed some 80,000 Algerians who had fought alongside the French army and who were not permitted to escape to France when independence was won. They were slaughtered to a man as soon as the Tricolour was replaced by the Algerian flag. Barely a French voice was raised against this massacre of men who, however misguidedly, believed that they were entitled to French protection. □

UNITED STATES

Nothing but the truth

Alan George dips into a surprise report

SUBSCRIBERS TO the daily news bulletins of the US State Department's Information Service have just been treated to an 18-page summary of the Department's new and enigmatically-titled *Special Report No 1,100*, which presents a nightmarish insight into how we have all been fooled by the Soviet Union over the past year.

The report, subtitled 'Soviets continue worldwide disinformation effort', focuses on Moscow's 'active measures', defined as 'the overt and clandestine means which the Soviet Government uses to confuse and mislead foreign publics and policymakers in order to advance Moscow's foreign policy aims'.

The State Department report reads like a paranoiac's charter. In Whitehall, where foreign policy specialists still have some sort of grip on reality, the report has been greeted with amusement. Soviet 'active measures', it says, 'cover a broad range of deceptive techniques – such as the use of front groups, media manipulation, disinformation, forgeries and agents of influence' – tactics which, it is implied, the Americans themselves completely spurn.

The State Department says that 'the principal target of Soviet active measures continued to be the NATO decision to deploy intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) in western Europe'. Other notable active measures in Europe included 'the effort to discredit a possible Bulgarian connection in the attempt to assassinate Pope John Paul'. In Africa, the Soviets have disseminated scurrilous allegations of 'US interference in the internal affairs of different countries, and (they have) implied close military cooperation between the United States and South Africa'.

After its general review of international Soviet disinformation efforts, the State Department report gives a country by country breakdown. Lead story, under the heading 'Europe – the Peace Movement', is the June 1982 World Peace Assembly in Prague, which was sponsored by the Soviet World Peace Council and focused on opposing NATO deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles in western Europe, while ignoring the question of Russian SS-20 medium-range missiles. But all this is hardly a revelation. Everyone knows that the World Peace Council is a Soviet-sponsored outfit, and everyone in the European disarmament movement knows that the Soviets – and the Americans – try to use them for their own purposes.

New Statesman readers will be thrilled to know that their favourite journal is branded as a vehicle for Soviet disinformation. On 5 November 1982, says the State Department, 'the prominent British news weekly printed as factual a fake letter to (America's UN) Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick from the newly-arrived press Counsellor of the Embassy of South Africa in Washington. The letter conveyed his personal greetings, and also those of the Chief of South African intelligence'.

What is more, 'the *New Statesman* reiterated its belief in the document's authenticity in its December 3, 1982 edition'. This, said the report indignantly, was despite the fact that 'the Press Spokesman of the US Mission to the United Nations immediately branded the letter as a fabrication'.

(This, as a matter of fact, is untrue. The *NS* published the press spokesman's denial in full and referred to the letter that had 'allegedly been sent to Mrs Kirkpatrick by a member of the South African Embassy in Washington'. But no matter.)

PERHAPS the most excruciating part of the report is the section dealing with the Soviet Union's cynical distortion of Washington's enlightened and benevolent role in the Middle East. 'Shortly after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon,' reveals the State Department, 'Soviet front machinery launched a major campaign to link the United States with the Israeli action.' 'Committees of solidarity with the Palestinians appeared in a number of countries. The lead, however, was taken by local communists rather than Palestinian Arabs' (who presumably really couldn't have cared less about the fate of their families in Lebanon).

'Throughout the summer of 1982,' the State Department says darkly, 'there was a spate of demonstrations in Canada, Europe and Latin America on the Lebanon issue. Once more, the lead groups appeared to be communist fronts rather than genuine Arab organisations.' (Only Arabs are allowed to demonstrate against Israel . . . but, hang on, what about those massive anti-war demos in Tel Aviv?)

A particularly pernicious role was played by the Arabic language broadcasts of Moscow's Radio Peace and Progress during the Lebanon fighting. These, reveals the State Department, 'sought to exploit Arab sensitivities over Lebanon and the Palestinians'. (Ah, now we know why the Arabs made such a fuss.)

A typical example of Moscow's heinous mendacity was a broadcast on 18 July 1982. It 'charged that the US "military-industrial complex" was selling the "Zionist aggressors" the most modern "weapons of destruction" to perpetrate a "bloody massacre" in Lebanon'. All right, we get it. Those noisy things in the sky weren't really American-made Israeli air force planes blasting the Lebanese and Palestinians with US-supplied cluster and phosphorous bombs. Next year's State Department report will doubtless reveal similarly baseless Soviet allegations concerning the bombardment of Lebanon by US warships.

In December 1982, meanwhile, the House of Representatives Select Committee on Intelligence released testimony given earlier in the year by former KGB Major Stanislav Levchenko, who defected to the US in 1979. Levchenko had been in charge of active measures in Japan and gave details of a 'concerted effort to label President Carter "neutron Carter".'

The State Department says that such active measures 'seem to have greater success in developing areas, such as Africa, than in other regions, for example Europe, where their record has been uneven'. But the report quotes an April 1983 article in the *NATO Review* (which of course contains nothing but the whole truth) by Undersecretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, who said that 'In both developed and developing countries, beyond the success, or lack of it, of particular operations, active measures have a corrosive effect on open political systems'.

'Common sense requires that we counter these intrusions not only through effective counter-intelligence,' Eagleburger continued, 'but by keeping our citizens as fully informed as possible of the deceptive practices to which they are exposed.' You can say that again, Mr Eagleburger. □

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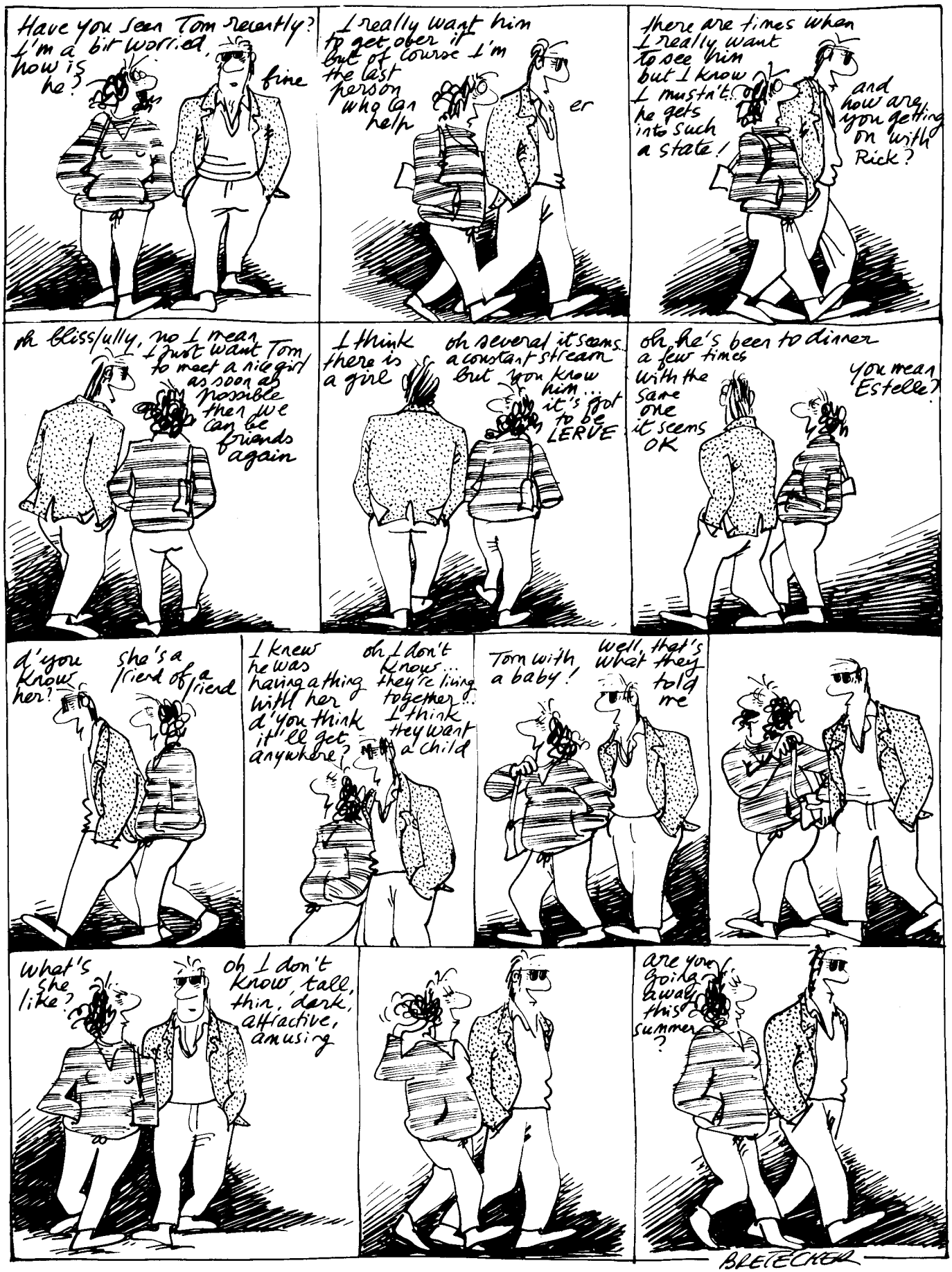
BRETECHER

GRAPEVINE


Have you seen Tom recently? I'm a bit worried, how is he?
fine
I really want him to get over it but of course I'm the last person who can help
er
there are times when I really want to see him but I know I mustn't. he gets into such a state!
and how are you getting on with Rick?
oh bliss/ully, no I mean I just want Tom to meet a nice girl as soon as possible then we can be friends again
I think there is a girl
oh several it seems a constant stream but you know him... it's got to be LERVE
oh he's been to dinner a few times with the same one it seems OK
you mean Estelle?
d'you know her?
she's a friend of a friend
I knew he was having a thing with her d'you think it'll get anywhere?
oh I don't know... they're living together... I think they want a child
Tom with a baby!
well, that's what they told me
what's she like?
oh I don't know, tall, thin, dark, attractive, amusing
are you going away this summer?
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Splendour in the supergrass

Bernard Crick, London NW1

May I have a supergrouse? Is Mary Holland (*NS* 23 September) legal or political correspondent for Ireland? The use of supergrasses is not nice; nor is terrorism and killing. Legally, there are indeed worries and deep objections. She is right to raise them. Better, indeed, that sometimes the guilty go free than that the idea of fair trial is discredited (though she might have reminded us of the coercion of juries and the old difficulties of jury trial in Northern Ireland).

But a political correspondent should raise the issue of truth. I've not met anyone in Ireland who doubts the broad truth of the allegations: that the accused are guilty. Should not a good journalist, who wishes to keep far away from PR for the Provos, tell us *why* the grassing has broken out at all – on both sides? That is a very interesting and complex question. The police claim to have been taken by surprise when the prisoners began to sing. Most of the Irish press agrees. The Hunger Strike may not have been the undiluted political victory for Sinn Fein that Mary Holland has so consistently, persistently reported. Can she tell us nothing about the internal differences in the IRA?

What really sticks in my throat is that she can write: 'If prominent Provisional Sinn Fein leaders were to be arrested and convicted, it would almost certainly inflict a serious blow on the political work of the organisation.' Are the commanders of killers to be offered immunity if they simultaneously pursue political tactics?

Snap, crackle and new technology

Ron Neil, Editor, Breakfast Time

Mr Woffinden's article 'Mission to Amuse' (*NS* 23 September) contains a sufficient number of inaccuracies to merit some response.

Firstly, the cost of running breakfast television is not huge, and the capital expenditure has transformed Lime Grove into a modern production centre to the benefit of all programmes.

The actual cash available (per broadcast hour) to *Breakfast Time* is less than to any other daily current affairs programme and a fraction of the cost of most other television output.

Breakfast Time is only consuming its own slice of the cake and its spending is in no way affecting the spending of any other programme. There is not the slightest suggestion that our particular style of broadcasting is to be adopted elsewhere, but it is accepted that our use of computers, electronic graphics and other new technology is the 'new way' of doing things.

And, of course, there was never the slightest intention of failing to cover the party conferences. If Mr Woffinden had attended the long series of technical planning meetings for the conferences last spring he would have known of *Breakfast Time*'s firm intention to be on the conference circuit.

Fix it politics

Jack McBane, Liverpool

I read Peter Hain's article (*NS* 12 September) calling for Labour to 'root its socialism back in the people'. He refers to 'old guard Right relied on "fix it" politics in the Town Halls'. In Liverpool, we have now got the vanguard Left using fix it politics in the Town Hall.

If the Militant 'method' in Liverpool is anything to go by, then this place was better off with Bessie Braddock. Whereas the old guard Right relied on 'the freemasons' to fix things in the Town Hall, Militant are going to do this themselves. Militant assure us they know what people want so they can get on with providing it. Anyone who objects is obviously working against the best interests of the working-class movement (so we are told).

I write as a 'left-wing' member of the Labour Party concerned to encourage the Party to create public programmes involving the consumer in their design and delivery. Council housing is a good place to start. Labour needs programmes for modernisation and new buildings whereby the tenants jointly control the design, and then manage the scheme in partnership with Council Officers. The Labour Party must scrap the attitude of 'state managers' which it has had since 1900 and develop practical programmes based on partnership and co-op principles involving consumers, politicians and officers.

Labour at home and abroad

Peter Hain, London SW15

Trevor Fisher (*NS* 16 September) says my articles in last month's *New Statesman* failed to show how community politics 'can reinforce the central socialist struggle against the concentration of power at national and international level'. Can I refer him to my new book, *The Democratic Alternative* (Penguin, £2.50), which is devoted to precisely that objective? The *NS* asked me to write specifically about revitalising Labour's local politics.

Socialist community politics is, or ought to be, different from Liberal local populism, because it is linked to a socialist policy for redistributing power and wealth in a way that is absolutely essential to making local democracy real.

Incidentally, apart from a few patronising remarks about the virtues of turning local Labour parties into campaigning groups, Trevor doesn't say what his 'strategy' is for Labour.

Blueprints for education II

Bob Reeves, London SE24

Colin MacCabe's 'Blueprint' (*NS* 9 September) comes to conclusions which are depressingly mundane and conservative. His criticism of school curricula should lead us to difficult and radical conclusions. He runs away from them, actually diverting the discussion from the future education of all the children to one about a slightly loopy scheme for selection at 14 years of age.

'Centres of excellence' for an elite of five per cent would have a dire effect on the whole of pre-14 education. In many schools, it would come to dominate the curriculum. The baleful influence of the 'O' level system is bad enough. This is to come two years earlier!

Ah! But this is different. It would be selection on the grounds of 'academic merit'. I am sorry, but you will have to excuse some of us at the back of the class from giggling. It seems to me that Professor MacCabe is operating with views of 'ability' and suitability for 'theoretical work' which are tendentious to say the least. It just so happens that the five per cent he wants to select represent about the numbers recruited to Universities.

Labour policy thinking on education must, as Colin MacCabe suggests, go way beyond the search for a mythical 'equality of opportunity' by promoting thoroughgoing curriculum reform, to develop the potential of all children. But it is not just the secondary schools that should change. I await the 'blueprint for democratic universities' written by socialist school teachers.

Richard Evans, London, SE26

I found Colin MacCabe's article (*NS* 9 September) at first muddled in its thinking, but, at a second reading, generalised, prejudiced and at times innaccurate. His proposals are more reactive to criticism of comprehensive schools than a socialist pursuit of a radical blueprint.

For an academic, he generalises too much by stating that the comprehensive 'curriculum remains that of the grammar school in whatever attenuated or ridiculous form'. Does MacCabe mean a part, or the totality of the curriculum? Does he include the hidden curriculum or whatever he would wish to call it? How would he explain examples of good practice in many comprehensive schools, of the academically able being well taught?

By advancing his policy, designed to achieve greater equality' he is doing precisely what he is arguing against: promoting greater inequality. Yes, there are fundamental faults in our education system (note David Hargreaves' seething yet caring thesis). However, it has been extremely ▷

Peter Sedgwick Memorial Volume

Tariq Ali, David Beetham, Paul Foot, Stuart Hall, Michael Kidron, Nina Kidron, Richard Kuper, Steven Lukes, Jean McCrindle, Tim Mason, Sheila Rowbotham, Raphael Samuel, Michael Sedgwick

Peter Sedgwick, who died in tragic circumstances in September 1983, was a magnificent and eloquent correspondent. We believe that his letters, if gathered together, would be a remarkable testimony to his times. They might also be profoundly educative, even politically inspiring, in showing how personal suffering can be transcended by an ironical self-awareness, and a passionate and truthful engagement with the lives of one's fellow beings. For this reason, we propose to publish them along with some of his other writings in a memorial volume. Letters and papers (preferably photocopies) should be sent to us at the address below:

Peter Sedgwick Memorial Volume
Pluto Press
The Works
105a Torriano Avenue
London NW5 2RX

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difficult for comprehensives to argue their case in the absence of an agreed consensus and the unwillingness of successive governments to give them full confidence, resources and backing. MacCabe does not appear to acknowledge this.

MacCabe makes the fashionable point that writing 'no longer occupies the central place which it has held since the Renaissance'. Yet, it is not clear from his article whether he considers the developments of television, rock music, film and radio to be useful techniques of encouraging writing, and thinking. He further states that he does not wish to enter the standards argument but again makes the fashionable jibe that comprehensives are unwilling 'to focus on the more intellectually able children'. This is so generalised as to be quite meaningless.

Finally, by advocating a form of selection at 14, MacCabe is treading the old path of the 11+, which ought to have been dead and buried years ago. He does not convince me that it is necessary to restrict the 'academically able' to what would undoubtedly be the values of a cloistered, unrepresentative minority of young people being trained to be the high flyers of the future. Any good that comprehensives have achieved will be wiped out for ever and we would be no nearer 'respect for the experience of others and value for one's own'.

Architectural responsibility

Jules Lubbock, c/o New Statesman

Louis Hellman's letter (*NS* 23 September) obliges me to explain why my article 'In the Dock' (*NS* 9 September) deliberately stressed the responsibility of the architectural profession, rather than that of society as a whole, for the housing disaster.

In my view, the profession is not simply an instrument of the State (or a tool of the building industry or the property market) but plays an active part in forming government policy on the physical solutions to given problems, and in defining those problems in the first place. One has only to look at the influence of the garden suburb and high-rise movements upon housing policy to see that this is so. The profession also determines the training for designers who will put those policies into effect. It is in the position of a monopolistic policy subcontractor, so to speak. And it is very jealous of its expert status. Obviously, the inequities of our present social system are the root cause of the housing problem. Even so, some solutions proposed by architects have been infinitely worse than others.

In common with Mr Hellman and others, I look for the profession to abdicate its autocratic role and declare, 'Our job is to serve our ultimate clients.' Some architects, including those who worked for the Liverpool Co-ops, have done just that. Their clients honour them for it.

Cock and bull

Margaret Majumdar, London W7

Does Don Hatwell really think talking a load of balls has to do with pawnbrokers? If so, how does he explain that load of codswallop? Perhaps what he talks is all cock.

In France, they must have seen Thatcher coming: taking a load of balls is *déconner*.

Hilary Rose, University of Bradford

A hug for 'All you need is balls' (*NS* 16 September). At times I move from rage to despair at the Labour movement and it takes rich, warm, feminist humour to temper my mood to one of a cheery sense of political purpose. Maybe we should send copies to folks who write 'emasculate' for any falling off/away from the phallic epitome of socialist purity. In academia, the people who might like to see it are those who use the word 'seminal'. There is so much semen splashing around that it's positively unseemly.

President Reagan's blind eye

Joseph Hanlon, Maputo, Mozambique

A high American official who passed through here this week expressed surprise at how little reaction there was in Southern Africa to the shooting down of the Korean airliner. One reason might be that people here are becoming hardened to attacks on public transport. Over the past several years, South African backed rebels in Mozambique and Angola have machine-gunned trains, attacked buses and burned people alive in cars. The equivalent of several jumbo jet loads of people have been massacred in this way. Yet President Reagan never goes on television to denounce South African 'savagery' or 'crimes against humanity'. There are no calls by Western governments for sanctions against the murderers. So South Africa's airline still flies freely to Europe and the US, and British capital and military equipment still go to support the apartheid government.

Peace on earth

WAAGV, PO Box K637, Haymarket, Sydney 2000, Australia

Women's Action Against Global Violence (WAAGV) is an Australian organisation opposed to war and oppression. We have organised and participated in many actions in support of struggles in developing countries, the movement for a nuclear-free and independent Pacific, and against the nuclear cycle of uranium mining, weapons testing, nuclear technology and the arms race.

At present, we are working with women's peace groups from all over Australia to hold a 'Women for Survival' camp at Pine Gap (18km from Alice Springs), reported to be the most sophisticated CIA communication base in the world, and essential to the US nuclear weapons network in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

On 11 November 1983, women from all over Australia, including the original inhabitants of this land, the Aborigines, will participate in an action at Pine Gap to demand US bases out of Australia and to support the protests of people in Europe against the siting of the cruise and Pershing missiles in their country.

Support from groups in other countries to show solidarity with this action would be very much appreciated. Please send letters or cables to our address and, if groups could undertake to do actions on, or around, 11 November, this would highlight the worldwide importance of the struggle for nuclear disarmament, as well as being an inspiration to the women out in the dry centre of Australia. We should also like to hear of any women's peace actions going on in your country so that we can inform women throughout Australia via our regular newsletter.

Trade union education

Dr Alan B. Campbell, Lecturer in Industrial Relations, University of Liverpool

John McIlroy's article (*NS* 23 September) is valuable in focusing the attention of the labour movement on the neglected subject of trade union education. While endorsing his views, I should like to bring your readers' attention to two further points.

The recent decision by the TUC to accept that 16 per cent of its state grant for short courses should go into provision supervised by management was arrived at with no consultation with the educators who will have to teach these courses. The TUC Regional Education Advisory Committee in my area was simply informed of the position after the decision had been taken and had no effective chance to make its opinions felt. How many union branches and stewards committees are even aware that this reversal of long-standing policy has taken place?

Secondly, it should be pointed out that it is not only trade union studies tutors who share John McIlroy's concern at the narrowing of course subject matter. The TGWU, Britain's biggest union, recently produced a far-sighted document on re-shaping trade union education. As well as making detailed suggestions about paid educational leave and increased access for trade unionists to higher education, it also recommended that TUC courses should provide for 'new technology, women's studies, economics, labour history, political studies, community studies; courses involving wider groups of trade union membership than representatives and officials: in particular trade union members as a whole and also including specifically youth, women and ethnic groups' (*The Industrial Tutor*, autumn 1983).

Such topics, as McIlroy points out, were once the mainstream of working-class education. However, the 1983 TUC General Council Report places a renewed emphasis on basic training for shop stewards. It is congruent with this approach that, when universities and polytechnics in the North West have organised certificate and diploma courses in trade union studies (covering wider areas such as labour history and economics and winning more public resources for trade union education), there has been a lack of cooperation from the TUC Regional Education Officer. If trade unions are to emerge from their present crisis, surely a wider and more imaginative approach is required.

Parliamentary dentist

John Wood, Cheshire

I am researching into the development of the General Dental Services in the beginning of the NHS between 1947 and 1952. I would like to appeal through your columns for any information regarding John Baird MP, a dentist who was a successful Labour candidate in the 1945 general election. He spoke in the Commons on many occasions on dental matters. My address is Knowsley Bank, Delamer Road, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2NQ.

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Justin Wintle

Et tu, Fred Astaire?

The Fontana Biographical Companion to Modern Thought
ed. ALAN BULLOCK and R. B. WOODINGS
Collins £15.95 *Fontana* £6.95
A Dictionary of Marxist Thought
ed. TOM BOTTOMORE and others
Blackwell £27.50

Richard Willson

Let's get physical. **The Fontana Biographical Companion to Modern Thought** has 867 double-column pages made up out of assorted prelims, 1,945 entries (written by 300 contributors) and a classified index of subjects. It weighs as much as a healthy Christmas pudding and contains toward half a million words, which is around the upper limit for any work of reference that wishes to preserve its portability. The entries themselves come mainly in three sizes, from just over half a column to just over one column to just over two columns. In tone and style these are not too distantly related to the biographical references in the Micropaedia of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Indeed, microphilia is the essence of this Master Bullock-minded product. If you already have access to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* with its Macropaedia then this is probably a book you can do without. If you don't, or you have a particular need to see Margaret THATCHER encapsulated in the past tense, then it has its recommendations.

Problems begin with the title however. When you open the book and your eye drops on Marilyn MONROE caught between two columns it is clear that what is not on offer is simply a compendium of thinkers. A rider in the introduction speaks of her 'symbolic existence', but then why not include Mr Eiffel Tower or Madame Statue of Liberty? Much thought about she may be, but so are sportspeople, so are criminals. There is a muddle here, a failure of editorial nerve: nothing is but thinking makes it so. Et tu, Fred ASTAIRE? And yet these entries point the other way, to the book's real value, which is its eclecticism. Its coverage of the physical sciences and technological arts is particularly good. Along with all the obligatory innovators there are many greyer eminences, people who may not have invented fields but at least consolidated them. What we are really provided with is a spotter's guide to all those names of the modern period which most regularly crop up in the pages of *The Times* and her Supplements, the *Educational* as much as the *Literary*.

Or a good proportion of those names. Inevitably the selection of the relatively minor figures invites dissent. If among English poets Geoffrey HILL makes the cut, then why not D. J. Enright or George MacBeth, Geoffrey Grigson or the Fullers? And there are one or two major absentees as well. Among philosophers and sociologists the omission of Ernest Gellner is merely vile. Myself I am sad not to find Eric Partridge among the chosen many. But there is an even more serious charge to be made. Having drawn the line at AD 1900 Bullock and Woodings concede that 'modern thought' requires the presence of some earlier figures. But this is fatal. Once the vein is opened the flow is unstoppable, for is there not something irresistibly 'modern' about Democritus? (Is there not something irresistibly Greek about Freud?) So MARX and NIETZSCHE make guest appearances; but Darwin does not. And this the man whose theory underpins the social sciences, who delivered the death blow to Judaeo-Christian culture and laid the foundations for our understanding of the life processes. What could be more modern, or more thoughtful, than that? His exclusion is even more bewildering in the light of MENDEL's presence. Instead we are offered BABBAGE. No Wagner of course, no Liszt, no Mallarmé, no Flaubert. But we do get BABBAGE.

Any biographical dictionary must take and make its stand somewhere along an imaginary line between a telephone directory and, say, a book like *Eminent Victorians*. Where the pitch is made more or less determines the degree of discussion and interpretation that can be offered. The more subjects you include the less you can say about them. This rather obvious interaction of tapering tendencies is the torture of editors. It is of course supremely difficult (I would say in most cases impossible) to summarise a man's work without at the same time evaluating it. In *Makers of Modern Culture* (I declare my interest) I deliberately opted for a restricted number of subjects in order that their varied claims on our attention could be argued as fully as possible. This Fontana book swings the other way: it is far more comprehensive, and the immediate pay-off is that, in most cases, the reader will not be disappointed when he uses it as a Who's Who.

Compelled to offer in each of the short spaces available something more than the ordinary details of biography and works, however, there is too much hospitality for the sweeping generalisation, the unargued, unprotected position. This militates against the *Companion*'s browsability. It becomes increasingly tiresome to be told that so-and-so was a great writer, a great film-director, a great artist. And there are particular assertions that set the teeth on edge. On Bernard Leach for example: 'The entire ceramic culture of the western world owes its existence and character to his work.' This is not special pleading, it is falsification. And what on earth are we to make of 'viewed by the non-Chinese world as the embodiment of the new-post-revolutionary China . . .' applied to CHIANG KAI-SHEK? Readability is also put under pressure by the adopted method of cross-referencing (CAPITALS),

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by the short lines of small print and want of paragraphing. A word too about the so-called bibliographies at the end of each entry. These consist, where they consist at all, of just one or two titles, which is always dangerous. (The *Fontana Modern Masters* are here in force however, which is sometimes cheating). I would also have liked a proper index. This would have indicated Darwin's seminality to the editors.

Darwin, or at any rate Darwinism, does however command an entry – albeit, given Darwin's scope for potential embarrassment to the Church of Marx the Father, a miserably perfunctory one – in **A Dictionary of Marxist Thought.** This is another hefty tome. 587 pages, again double-columned, a platoon (or chapter) of contributors and, I'm glad to say, a properly helpful index. There are also apparently decent bibliographies at the end of each article. I say apparently because, having turned to 'Darwinism', I was surprised not to find Anthony Flew's *Evolutionary Ethics* listed. But it is when one searches out the more systematic criticisms of Marxism that the bias becomes strident. Neither Popper nor Kolakowski is accorded an entry (though Brecht is), and there are pitifully few references to them in such a large undertaking. (The article on 'historicism' does justice neither to Popper nor Marx himself and is again perfunctory; and there is zilch on holism.)

With regard to Kolakowski there is a tale attached, because the editors (this time a gang of four under the chairmanship of Tom Bottomore) acknowledge his help 'in the early stages of planning the dictionary'. One can only surmise why his services did not or were not continued. While it would be wrong, though, to dismiss the end result as simply messianic (this is Marxism for the initiates, not Marxism for beginners), one is reminded on every page that asking a Marxist to be objective about Marxism is like asking a Deist to be objective about God. With very few exceptions the contributors are recognisable Marxists, or scholars with Marxising inclinations. Try as I might I could find no reference to Marx's scandalously selective handling of available wage statistics (the 'immiseration thesis' of *Das Kapital*), one of the better known impediments to his claims on the status of science, social or otherwise.

These strictures are offered not from a rightist, or even centrist, point of view. The truth of the matter is that Marxism, whether or not it is perceived in its Leninist incarnation, has become the enemy of the Left in the western democracies, and precisely because its spokespeople are too often unwilling to look a fact in the eye: the sins of the Father, you might say. The piecemeal radicalism of Mill (mentioned only once in Bottomore's entirety), so falsely abandoned, is slowly reviving. And yet this same scenario makes this dictionary indispensable. As the summation of a mode that, for better or for worse, dominated our universities for two generations, it is of enormous scholastic value and will, I am sure, become even more valuable as academic Marxism withers away. And I am not just being ironic. □

Carol Rumens

A new song

(for Naim Attallah)

'Thou feedest them with the bread of tears,
and givest them tears to drink
in great measure.' (Psalm 80)

Silences of old Europe
Not even the shofar
Can utter: Maidenek,
Mauthausen, Babi Yar –

Death of the innocent being
Our speciality,
Let us add Lebanon's breaking
Sob to the litany.

So many now to mourn for,
Where can the psalmist start?
Only from where his home is
And his untidy heart.

We pluck our first allegiance
With a curled baby-hand
And peer between its fingers
To see our promised land:

Yours on a hillside clouded
With olives; mine a cot
In a London postal district,
Its trees long spilled as soot.

On a late wartime morning
In Northern Europe, my
First breath seems implicated
In yells of victory;

But it's the quieter voices
That keep on trying to rhyme,
Telling me almost nothing
But filling me with shame.

Germany in the thirties
And half my family tree
Bent to an SS microscope's
Mock genealogy.

Duly pronounced untainted
For his Aryan bride,
My uncle says it's proven,
There are no Jews on his side.

Ancient, unsummoned, shameless,
The burdens of prejudice –
All through my London childhood
Adults with kindly eyes

And sharp throw-away phrases
Like bits of shopfront glass
(Grandfather: 'He's a *schneider*'
– Frowning, and treadling fast).

Later, the flickering movie:
Greyish, diaphanous
Horrors that stared and whispered
'God has forgotten us.

'Oh, if our unborn children
Must go like us to flame,
Will you consent in silence
Or gasp and burn with them?'

It is so late in the century
And still the favourite beast
Whines in the concrete bunker,
And still the trucks roll east

And east and east through whited
Snowfields of the mind
Towards the dark encampment;
Still the Siberian wind

Blows across Prague and Warsaw,
The voices in our head
Baying for a scapegoat:
Historians gone mad,

Thugs on a street corner,
The righteous gentile who
Pins Lebanon like a yellow star
To the coat of every Jew.

Silences of old Europe,
Be broken; let us seek
The judgement of the silenced
And ask how they would speak.

Then let the street musician
Crouched in the cruel sun
Play for each passing, stateless
Child of Babylon

Conciliatory harmonies
Against the human grain,
A slow psalm of two nations
Mourning a common pain –

Hebrew and Arabic mingling
Their single-rooted vine,
Olives and roses falling
To sweeten Palestine.

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LIGHT VERSE
Kit Wright

Candy

I Wouldn't Have Missed It: Selected Poems
OGDEN NASH *Deutsch* £9.95

I suppose I should not have been surprised at this bulky volume's equipment, its apparatus in the form of a long list of textual variants. Like many another humorist, Ogden Nash took his work very seriously indeed and his search for felicitousness did not cease when a piece was printed in a magazine or even collected in a book. The editors, the poet's daughters, tell us that he often published as many as five versions of a poem. One ought to have expected, after all, that a writer whose theme was so often aggrieved fastidiousness or propriety would have honed and hacked at his output and prolonged his search for the *mot juste*. Was it all worth it? Many can't be doing with these much-loved works; others give a token nod but would hardly have thought they repaid such Wordsworthian revising. I don't know. Whatever it took to come up with the following re-styled passage on the Ann Landers agony column, it seems to me to have been midnight oil well burned:

> Yes, if anyone's Gordian love-knot requires a
> blade more cutting than Alexander's,
> Let them call on Ann Landers.
> No pussy-footer she, no purveyor of admonitions soothing or polite,
> It's tell the bum to jump in the lake, tell the old bag to fly a kite.

It's also pleasing to find recorded a very late addition to the famous 'Reflection on Ice-Breaking' ('Candy/Is dandy/But liquor/Is quicker'), the first poem in Nash's first book, published in 1931. On the David Frost show on 8 December 1970 he appended: 'Pot/Is not.'

Otherwise it depends how much pleasure you get from exclusively comic verse, which is a form of light verse but a rather rare one. Most of the best light verse, after all, uses tight and traditional metrical forms, lyric and elegiac cadences, jokes and puns and conundrums to go somewhat deeper than the comic surface of things, and is often not even superficially ingratiating. Nash, on the other hand, made an entire career out of the dodgy olive in the Martini, partycomers outstaying their welcome, being a beleaguered daddy and wry husband, misuse of the language, the burden of wearing spectacles; in short, the slight. And of course he invented a form for it: the great lolloping arhythmic prose clause frequently rhyming with a comically shorter line. Added to which he was, like Wodehouse, well-read; he made great comic play out of bizarre cultural analogies and asides, the classics being always at hand to boost, deflate or disorientate.

Myself, I find him nearly always successful in his chosen manner, heartwarming and funny. There's something reassuring in the fact that a skilled man can have devoted his life to enshrining in verse such small domestic satisfactions and subsuming irritations and achieved, by poetry standards, so wide and delighted an audience. But I can't help wondering what would have happened had Nash's very tangible talents taken a different direction, had he been equipped with a sense of evil, or injuries, or a profounder one of unhappiness. □

BIOGRAPHY
Nicholas Jacobs

Baal

Brecht
RONALD HAYMAN *Weidenfeld* £18.50 & £8.95

British readers are well served with books on Brecht. John Willett's *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* (1959), not biographical but nevertheless a much fuller study than its title suggests, is still irreplaceable because of its author's total immersion – though not submersion – in its subject. Frederic Ewen's generally undervalued *Bertolt Brecht: His Life, His Art, His Times* (1970) is missing from Hayman's bibliography but was the first full-length biography in English and is still alone in providing the historical and intellectual background. As biography, however, it was completely superseded by Klaus Völker's thorough if somewhat uneven *Bertolt Brecht* (English edition, 1979). In addition there are Walter Benjamin's invaluable *Understanding Brecht* (1973), containing the remarkable 'Conversations', and James Lyon's comprehensive *Brecht in America* (1980), as well as numerous more specialized and academic works.

After all this, and particularly with regard to Völker (both are full-length portraits with little background) can Hayman's biography be justified? The answer is an emphatic yes. He makes much better use of his sources, in particular of Brecht's *Work Journal*; he has been able to use an edition of Brecht's letters which appeared after Völker; he has conducted fruitful interviews with many of Brecht's closest colleagues, and with members of his family; and he has had access to unpublished material – though he uses it rather too unquestioningly – by Ruth Berlau (one of Brecht's most long-standing collaborators). In addition, Hayman's previous experience as a biographer and man of the theatre makes Völker's book appear somewhat amateurish.

However, Hayman's antipathy to Brecht's politics, although it gives the book a tension beside which Völker seems bland and evasive, does lead him into striking some false notes. Helene Weigel is assumed to be a fanatic merely on the grounds of her membership of the German Communist Party; the fact that millions of people 'who were not industrialists' voted for Hitler is used as an argument against the plays *Roundheads and Pointedheads* and *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, both written to illustrate the fatal connection between capitalism and fascism; and Brecht is unfairly quoted as expressing unequivocal support for the Russian purges, whereas what Hayman quotes was in fact an unpublished exploratory *prise de position* for private consumption. Even more perversely, Hayman dismisses one of the greatest speeches in the final, post-Hiroshima, version of *Galileo* – Galileo's self-criticism of his abnegation of scientific responsibility – as 'an interesting piece of bad writing', essentially because it stemmed from Brecht's 'refusing to feel that there was nothing he could do about the bomb'! However, these lapses should not put Brecht's admirers off this very readable biography. Other political issues raised by Hayman, like Brecht's attitude to the 1953 uprising in East Berlin, and the extent to which his unfinished satire on the impotence

BECKETT BURROUGHS SCHOENBERG

Samuel Beckett has allowed us to publish a collection of his writings on literature, art and aesthetics under the title *Disjecta*, a fascinating volume that reveals the preoccupations that haunt the most influential writer of our time (£8.95). His latest text *Worstward Ho* strips down the human condition in spare prose of great and terrifying beauty (£5.50). Beckett's mannerism contrasts with the savage expressionism of William Burroughs, who in *Port of Saints* takes us into his world of power-hungry political intrigue, sexual obsession and the eternally manic struggle of good and evil for control of the world. Burroughs' parables of human corruption reveal the modern world as nightmare in caricature (£8.95). The music of Arnold Schoenberg, his contemporaries and followers, enjoyably highlighted at this year's Edinburgh Festival, is best studied in H. H. Stuckenschmidt's *Arnold Schoenberg* (£7.95), the standard biography and study, and Luigi Rognoni's *Second Vienna School* (£8.95), which gives the history of musical expressionism and analyses the music. Both large volumes now come in paperback.

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of Western intellectuals backfired on him, are – however painful – still matters for discussion.

Hayman is good on the extraordinarily intertwined sexual relations Brecht maintained in his youth, and to a degree throughout his life. Writing of his first baby daughter, he pointed out that she had inherited two of his qualities: 'She's inexhaustible and insatiable.' Hayman shows in his excellent early chapters, on the Bavarian years, how this applied both to his creativity and to his sexual appetite (clearly reflected in the autobiographical *Baal*). Brecht had an enormous capacity for intimate friendship with both sexes, though Hayman is more informative about the women – especially Paula Banholzer and Marianne Zoff (who each bore Brecht a child in this early period) – than about the men, like the writer Arnolt Bronnen and the indefatigable artist and stage designer Caspar Neher, who always seemed to turn up with what Brecht wanted.

Hayman deals with the impact of Berlin on Brecht, and vice versa, particularly after the triumph of *The Threepenny Opera*. He relates the near fiascos and high farce that characterised the rehearsals and spilled over into the first night, but somewhat spoils it all in his discussion of the play, commenting like a schoolmaster that 'Brecht never gets to grips with the fundamental contradiction underlying the text'.

THE EXILE years in Scandinavia from 1933 were surprisingly productive. Hayman shows how Brecht had the confident man's knack of falling on his feet: patrons, invariably women, tended to present him with suitable accommodation. In addition, he had three women in attendance – his wife Helene Weigel, and his two assistants and lovers, Ruth Berlau and Margarete Steffin. The result was that he left for America in 1941 with eight or nine new plays at various stages of completion.

Even after Lyon's full-length book, Hayman manages to add to our knowledge of Brecht in America. Orson Welles worked briefly with Brecht on a sadly unrealized production of *Galileo*, and Hayman quotes a revealing, if tantalisingly brief, passage from a letter from Welles to Charles Laughton about Brecht. He also quotes a letter from Eric Bentley which goes a long way to explaining why Brecht treated so appallingly those who did their best to help him in America: 'He lives out of his own theory', wrote Bentley, 'that it is impossible to behave well in this society.' Brecht's repeated sabotaging of productions of his own work in America – including the Welles *Galileo* – suggests that he also wanted to believe that it was impossible for American society to behave well to him.

Hayman, who interviewed Brecht in 1956, writes as though he sat in on some Berliner Ensemble rehearsals as well. His description of them, and of the unique quality of the Ensemble at the time, are extremely vivid.

For all Hayman's basic, though on the whole well-disciplined, political antipathy, it is a great credit to him that his biography is so sympathetic. Brecht was capable of 'gentleness' (the word is Caspar Neher's, who knew him longer than almost anyone), and this quality appears in letters and poems (though Brecht's poetry is under-used throughout this biography) to his loved ones and friends. However, he often appeared selfish and wore a harsh mask.

At one point Hayman says: 'Communism appealed to Brecht . . . partly because it offered an alternative to egoistic preoccupations'. But he contradicts this later when he writes: 'Brecht's own unquenchable appetite for happiness, which made him identify with Baal . . . subsequently made him identify with the people, project his own libido into the plural.' That seems to make good sense of his unusually productive life and of the continuing influence of his work. □

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BIOGRAPHY
Roger Woddis

Voice of Chile

Victor: An Unfinished Song
JOAN JARA *Cape* £8.95 & £4.95

On 15 September 1973, in the Santiago sports stadium, Victor Jara, singer, poet and Communist, was murdered by the Chilean military. Joan Jara, his British-born wife, tells the story of his life and work with a humbling simplicity and directness. It meant reliving those nightmare days, but Joan somehow found the strength to repay the debt she owes to her adopted country. Chile and Victor Jara gave her a sense of her own humanity which overflows on every page.

This is a love story – of Victor and Joan's love for each other, for their children, for the Chilean people. A single love, because there is no division between the private and public aspects of their lives. There is pain here, but joy too, the fierce joy of knowing that they were part of something momentous, that they were not alone.

Victor Jara was born into a poor peasant family. From his mother he learned the folksongs of his country. Later he was to use his guitar as a weapon against oppression and greed. He was not a fashionable singer of 'protest' songs, but a revolutionary who knew about poverty from personal experience and saw the need for change.

When Salvador Allende was elected President in 1970, the people went into a delirium of joy that now all wrongs would be righted. The dream was short-lived. After a mere three years, the freely-elected 'Marxist' government was overthrown by the generals and their rich backers. (The quotes are essential: the government of Popular Unity included, besides Marxists, Christians, social democrats and liberals – an alliance of all those who wanted an end to injustice and the re-birth of the nation). As in Spain 37 years before or Nicaragua today, the poor who raised their heads had to be taught a lesson.

Joan Jara's vivid account of these events is a compound of political awareness and personal impressions which open the eye and pluck the heart. To read this book is to know Chile – her songs, her struggles, her food and drink, her landscape; above all, her people. And Joan is objective about her own flaws and her relationship with Victor. He was a man of peace, detesting violence, while she loved a 'good argument'. The modesty and the passion shine out from both of them. The English dancer and the Chilean singer had found something in each other which helped them to live.

For some weeks before the generals' coup, the air was thick with the stench of counter-revolution. Victor had a premonition of his own death. Late in July the lorry-owners had engineered a strike, crippling the transport system. There were assassinations, riots, lock-outs. The fascists, backed by US multi-nationals and the CIA, needed a pretext ('Allende=Chaos') for their putsch. It began with the bombing of Allende's home and the Moneda Palace. Allende was killed and thousands of workers, students, artists and parliamentary deputies were herded into the sports stadium and murdered in batches. Joan's description of the horror makes terrible reading.

Victor was beaten and his hands smashed before he was riddled with bullets. Joan was later taken to the morgue to claim his shattered body. Somehow she managed to survive the nightmare and return to Britain with Manuela and Amanda, their two children. She continues to speak and work for the liberation of Chile: 'The people united will never be defeated.' This is a moving, unforgettable book. Victor Jara was murdered because he sang of his people, and for them. His unfinished song of the poor continues to enrich the living. □

Graham Swift's novel Waterland *is published by Heinemann and not, as given in last week's list of forthcoming books, by Hodder.*

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FICTION
Harriett Gilbert

Dark places

Life & Times of Michael K
J. M. COETZEE *Secker* £7.95
A Hot Country
SHIVA NAIPAUL *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
The Good Father
PETER PRINCE *Cape* £7.95

When you strip a person of everything – home, friendships, family, money, a role in society, a name – with what, then, are you left? This is the question that J. M. Coetzee explores in his astonishing and beautiful new novel, **Life & Times of Michael K**; and he arrives at an answer that is not only true to the book, but provides us with a notion of 'human dignity' hard enough to co-exist with our 20th-century knowledge of human atrocity.

The novel is set, in a possible future, in Coetzee's native South Africa – a land not untouched by atrocity. Apartheid, however, is incidental to the story. We may presume its implication in the civil war that is ripping the country, but racial politics is here absorbed in a wider ethical concern. Indeed, although the characters' colour can be guessed at, it is never specified and only occasionally implied. What we are told about Michael K is that he was born with a hare lip; that his mother works as a domestic servant; that he spent some time in a children's home and that, since leaving, he has been employed as a gardener in Capetown's De Waal Park.

Even as the story opens, K is not overburdened with assets; but when his ill and elderly mother decides to return to her childhood home and K, unable to get travel permits, builds a hand-cart to wheel her there, what few he has drop away. Four days into their illicit journey, K's mother dies. Continuing with her ashes, travelling cross-country to avoid the army, he arrives at a deserted farm which may, or may not, be the one on which she was born. He buries the ashes. And now – what? Externally an outlaw, internally aimless, K is brought up short at the point where questions on the Meaning of Life must begin.

The success of Coetzee's resolution is largely due to the nature of his protagonist, who is not so much immutable, idealised Holy Idiot, as an orphaned version of the child contained in us all. 'People must help each other', insists a man who gives K shelter for the night:

> K allowed this utterance to sink into his mind. Do I believe in helping people? He might help people, he might not help them, he did not know beforehand, anything was possible. He did not seem to have a belief, or did not seem to have a belief regarding help.

In his brushes with the guerrilla army of resistance, in his confrontations with the state's collapsing, brutal and cynical machinery, K sees, acts and reacts with no preconceived moral framework. This is not a story of individual heroism. In a middle section narrated by a liberal-minded medical officer, into whose 'rehabilitation camp' a man known as 'Michaels' has been thrust by the war, the confusion of ignorance with courage is quite explicitly untangled. *Life & Times of Michael K* is rather a statement of faith in humankind generally – in people's innate ability to tell the story, discover the moral, *create* the meaning of their life.

Shiva Naipaul's **A Hot Country** is, on the contrary, a song of despair. At least, it despairs of 'the dark races', those people, cultures and countries that have not been blessed with European 'rationality'. Naipaul is aware, of course (he even has one of his characters say), that it was 'rational' Europeans who inflicted slavery, colonialism, economic exploitation and foreign religions on the people at whose alienation, confusion and impotence he throws up his hands. But the person who points this out (the left-ish bookshop proprietor Aubrey St Pierre, to whose South American country of Cuyama comes a friend, now a journalist, from his British university days) is presented as a woolly-minded liberal, a weak romantic whose political position is dictated by guilt at having come from a wealthy, slave-owning family.

The book's strong voices belong to Richer, the journalist, and St Pierre's Hindustani wife Dina – both of whom sweat their hopelessness out in the slow, still, hot afternoons. Even the flashes of violence are dampened by lethargy. Whatever one's opinion of Naipaul's political perception, there is skill to be admired in his recreation of a tropical city sustained by nothing but the habits of hatred and corruption. In the end, this is not enough. Deprived of any genuine conflict (poor old St Pierre never really climbs into the ring), the novel sinks beneath the weight of its self-indulgent masochism.

Peter Prince's **The Good Father** would be nothing more exciting than a competent novel about the mores of liberal, middle-class, middle-aged South West Londoners – were it not, also, the first novel (of which I'm aware, at any rate) in which a man seriously tries to confront the conflicts of loving, and living with, feminist women. Since silence tends to be ominous, this breaking of it is welcome. It is also profoundly depressing.

The book is not an unequivocal anti-feminist tract. The hero (a separated husband and father who urges a man he meets at a party to use his ex-wife's lesbianism in the custody proceedings for his child) declares, to the end, how much he admires the 'magnificence' of his women friends: 'Sometimes their names seemed to ring out to him like a roll-call of heroes or the line-up of a World Cup team.' It should also be said that he isn't entirely at ease with his sordid behaviour. What saddens me, from an author who seems to be trying to open a dialogue, is the absurd misrepresentation of feminism – the notion of it as some sort of street gang whose members are a cross between Modesty Blaise and Mrs Thatcher. It is not an auspicious beginning. □

Among this week's contributors:

JUSTIN WINTLE is the editor of *The Makers of Modern Culture* (1981) and *The Makers of Nineteenth Century Culture* (1983).

CAROL RUMENS is the Poetry Editor of the *Literary Review*. Her latest collection, *Starwhisper*, was published earlier this year.

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The Forties: From Notebooks and Diaries of the Period

EDMUND WILSON (ed. Leon Edel) *Macmillan* £14.95

Once it was believed that Edmund Wilson's journals might rank with the Goncourt brothers'. That was before publication, beginning with *The Twenties*, revealed them to be no mirror of the times, nor of the self (although they did show Wilson as rather unappealing personally), nor even a simple day-to-day chronicle. Wilson's journals functioned mainly as a storehouse for vignettes and anecdotes, somewhat precious evocations of landscape, scraps of conversation, random thoughts and miscellaneous jottings. In them, too, he logged raw material for his books of reportage: half of *The Forties* is occupied by notes for *Europe Without Baedeker* (Wilson's Anglophobia is highly visible here) and for the New Mexican and Haitian sections of *Red, Black, Blond and Olive*. The finished products, of course, make better reading. Far more interesting are those pages devoted to a detailed outline of a never-written novel, *The Story of the Three Wishes*.

Elsewhere, the volume is most remarkable for what is omitted. There is little on either the war or Wilson's stormy third marriage (1938-46), to Mary McCarthy, because his journal-keeping more or less lapsed during those years. In 1946, Wilson married (for the last time) Elena Mumm Thornton and published *Memoirs of Hecate County*, which became a best-seller and was successfully prosecuted for obscenity. Various bedroom scenes from the marriage are included, few mentions of the novel.

The second instalment of Wilson's journals, *The Thirties*, by being less unsatisfactory than its predecessor, raised hopes for subsequent volumes that *The Forties* demolishes. Admittedly, it is a 'wholly posthumous' book – previous instalments derived from typescripts prepared and partially edited by Wilson himself – and lacks the 'retrospective passages' Wilson would have inserted. But editing and addenda could not have wrought any significant improvement. The plain truth is that *The Forties* represents an indifferent journal-ist near the bottom of his form. Devotees must be grateful that his published correspondence is quite another matter.

David Montrose

Murphy's Boy

TOREY L. HAYDEN *Gollancz* £8.95

Murphy's Law says, 'If anything can go wrong – it will'. Kevin Richter, the self-styled Murphy's Boy of the title of this book, already had a pretty good track record when Torey Hayden met him for the first time. Early childhood experiences of parental violence, alcoholism and incest culminated in eight-year-old Kevin witnessing his young sister being beaten to death by his stepfather. His next eight years were spent in a series of American institutions, an elective mute who spent most of his time hiding under a table. Every trick in the psychiatric textbook was tried on Kevin but he remained silent.

When the author came along 'the miracle happened', to quote the publisher's blurb. 'Torey managed to penetrate Kevin's terrible silence.' Where everyone else had failed, Torey Hayden's magic worked. Although we're not treated to any more Biblical-style miracles, the book does tend to the dramatic and sensational, which is a pity because beneath the rather lurid prose, some important questions are raised about our professional caring systems.

For the Kevins of this world, people are paid to care; in return for a job and a salary, people are asked to be the substitute carers, to provide the love and acceptance which most people hope to find in some measure with family and friends. Kevin is only too aware of that: 'You're here', he says to Torey Hayden, 'because someone pays you . . . making your living out of other people's suffering.' Kevin wants her – but not as a paid therapist. And it's hard to find an answer to that.

Professionals are in a pretty unequal and powerful position – even when they're not working miracles. But Torey Hayden can admit that she benefits from the relationship with Kevin too. And she knows that the role of the therapist is to stand on the sidelines and encourage. As she reminds Kevin, 'the journey is yours'. Maybe the blurb got it wrong – the miracle is Kevin's and eventually Murphy's Boy gets it right.

Alison Wertheimer

M. R. James: An Informal Portrait

MICHAEL COX *Oxford* £14.50

Monty James's father got it right: he wrote to his son, 'Years come and years go, but it will take a long time to get the taste of Eton out of our mouths – and for you, at least, there is not much of bitter in that taste'. Monty started at Eton, went on to King's College, Cambridge, became a Fellow there, then Provost, and finally went back to Eton as its Provost.

This biography is, therefore, necessarily about an inward-looking and closed society, confident of its own ability but sickeningly self-obsessed. To it belonged such figures as A. C. Benson and the awful Oscar Browning. The latter, judged unpleasant by most, was supremely egotistical. Benson counted under his breath during one dinner at King's that O. B. said 'I' 1,260 times. At least O. B. pricked the balloon of Monty's Eton by abusing both it and Hornby, one of its famous headmasters. Otherwise, in this book, you will find only nostalgic adulation for the place.

Monty should be remembered for his ghost stories, where his real talents lay, and not because he went to Eton and King's. It was at King's that he first started writing medieval ghost stories to entertain his friends at Christmas. He was scathing about his forerunners, Horace Walpole, Mrs Radcliffe and M. G. Lewis, whose *The Monk* he regarded as 'odious and horrible without being impressive'. Scott and Le Fanu, he thought, were on the right lines.

As administrator of King's he was conservative and inert. As Director of the Fitzwilliam he showed that he had no idea how to run a museum. In the end he was happier going back to Eton, having found in his last days at King's that he was 'only happy in bed, or looking at manuscripts'.

Brian Martin

Women in Control

JUDY WAJCMAN *Open University* £4.95

In the past few years there has been a renewed interest in workers' cooperatives, spurred on by increasing unemployment and highlighted by the formation of the Cooperative Development Agency in 1978. This form of small business suits many political outlooks. It fits in neatly with the Tory self-help ideology, while socialists, on a more utopian level, see it as a living model for the transformation of society: a miniature blueprint for the revolution.

Judy Wajcman's book shows the reality behind the utopian ideal. She focusses on 'Fakenham Enterprises', which was the first cooperative to come out of many factory occupations taking place in the early Seventies and run entirely by women. She describes it as the 'product of a wave of industrial militancy that characterised those early years of recession', a precursor to the co-operatives of the Eighties. Working-class pragmatism, rather than hard politics, first inspired the venture, as the women involved were faced with the liquidation of the shoe company they worked for, and feared the grim alternative: redundancy.

When they took over the factory in July 1972, under the auspices of the Industrial Common Ownership Movement, the cooperative members faced obvious obstacles: low capital, sharp business practice from hostile clients, and a lack of expertise in self-management. Their roles as wives and mothers added an extra burden of domesticity and sexism, underlined by the comment of one NUFLAT union official when he told them at the outset 'not to be silly girls, and go home'. Interviews in the book also show the lack of support from husbands, who were mostly 'angered by the women's failure to provide a regular and adequate income', and were oblivious to the huge new strains the women faced in their work. The co-operative finally collapsed in 1976.

Although *Women in Control* raises many valid points on a fascinating issue, Judy Wajcman staggers under the weight of her own information. She fails to make the links between Fakenham and the wider development of the cooperative movement, while her feminist theories on domestic and wage labour remain undeveloped.

Barney Bardsley

A Small Country

NEIL McCALLUM *James Thin* £9.95

This is an account of the fairly well-known achievements of Scotsmen during the 18th and early 19th centuries. At first sight it could be mistaken for yet another addition to the 'Here's tae us, wha's like us?' school of writing, so irritating to the English and other foreigners. To remind us that it was Scotland who gave board, and occasionally lodging, to Black, Cullen, Telford (a great believer in the virtues of immediately useful work), and to David Hume and Adam Smith, is right and proper, but too many Meikles (winnowers and threshers to the nobility and gentry) can make rather too much of a muckle. If, however, allowances are made for the natural patriotism of the inhabitants of small countries, there is plenty of food here, solid and nourishing rather than seasoned and decorative, for thoughts of a pretty impressive nature.

Despite occasional inaccuracies, the author is at his best when identifying first causes rather than second comings. He gives an excellent account of the state of squalor of Scotland at the time of the Union (the cooks were so dirty that if you threw them against the wall they would stick), and of the initially disastrous economic consequences of that amalgamation. Believing that 'movements produce men' he suggests that it was Calvinistic habits of thought imprinted on tartan or hodden-grey genes which explained our innovative and inventive genius. He points out that Calvinism 'encouraged the individual to be self sufficient in reaching personal decisions' and that 'young minds which had been moulded by the precise disputatiousness of Calvinistic theology could become brilliant intellectual instruments'. And that an extraordinarily high proportion of them did.

More please Mr McCallum, but perhaps about a little less next time.

Bruce Hepburn

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ART
John Spurling

Sour smell of success

Matthew Smith
Barbican until October 30, then Rochdale, Milton Keynes, Exeter.
New Art
Tate
New Contemporaries 1983
ICA

The Black Dress (1921) by Matthew Smith.

This might seem a good moment for Matthew Smith to make a comeback. Those large gestures and intense colours, that commitment to heavy paint and recognisable figuration, those overt references to Old Masters: everything that from his death in 1959 until the end of the Seventies made him increasingly unfashionable has suddenly gained credit again. Why then is a trip across London from Smith's retrospective at the Barbican to *New Art* at the Tate so disturbing, as if one had crossed not just a traffic jam but an abyss between two incompatible ideologies?

It is not that Smith has changed with time. He was never a man for change. As Sir John Rothenstein wrote in 1962: 'After the middle of the 'twenties it is similarities in his output that strike us more than differences.' From beginning to end of the exhibition one is in the presence of an artist who knows what he wants and – from roughly 1920 onwards – knows also how to attain it on canvas. 'With Matthew Smith', wrote Patrick Heron in the NS in 1953, 'the means of expression are as articulate and fluent as those of any British painter since Constable: and they are perfectly adjusted to his ends – which are not strange, or ambitious, or grandiose, but humble and in the most exciting sense, materialistic – concerned to praise the actual and the everyday.'

There cannot be many painters for whom the same judgment will serve nearly as well in the same review column 30 years later. Only the word 'humble' perhaps needs modifying: the subjects may be ordinary enough, but the treatment is often very grand indeed – a towering still-life, a nude from the palette of Rubens or Delacroix, a bunch of roses that explodes from its vase. When Smith praised the everyday he praised it with chorus and orchestra; unlike, say, David Jones, for whom the everyday was a frail, delicate web stretched across otherworldly mysteries. Smith's response to his nearly fatal experience of the First World War was to put his hands on the here and now and ask for nothing else but its solidity, colour and energy. Even after both his sons were killed in the Second War, though he almost abandoned painting for a year or two, he returned eventually to the same mode of expression, albeit more warily and a little more distantly, looking for his structural solidity now in two-dimensional pattern rather than three-dimensional modelling.

'Never think or speak of failure', he had put earlier at the front of a notebook of quotations, 'think success, speak success, breathe success.' The private disasters he suffered, his reclusive way of living and even his appearance ('timid and myopic, a pale spindly specimen like some bankrupt financial expert', in Michael Holroyd's memorable image) all belied such an impossible programme, but his paintings – optimistic, sensual and invigorating to the end – were true to it. The principle of life itself, its capacity to grow again, to put out flowers and fruit, to teem with colours and shapes, could still be rated a success.

New Art is concerned with success of another kind: the success of belonging to an élite, the success of being seen and noticed, the success of the museum and the plush dealer. This at least, in so far as I have correctly followed the slippery, impersonal corridors of Michael Compton's catalogue introduction, seems to be the rationale of this selection. Here is what Compton says about the work of Julian Schnabel (the broken-crockery man currently much admired by the Tate and the Saatchis):

> It is only when one considers the whole as a vehicle of success that one sees the American context in which such success, whether in fine art, in films, sport or business, as well as in the normal fields of the mandarins, is an art in its own right with its own styles. This can be read as an unexpected form of irony.

Don't by any means forget the irony.

The exhibition, built round some 37 recent acquisitions by the Tate is your chance to catch up with many of the reigning favourites of the international art-scene. This is the public (not to be confused with the popular) art of our time, the stuff that is

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wheeled on at large international jamborees in Paris and Venice, Kassel, Berlin and London and whose suppliers' rapid success has, as Compton points out, 'sharpened the ambition of others and quickened the interest of galleries and collectors'. Artists with their wits about them have quickly learnt the tricks of the trade: to go for display, impact, shock; to occupy the greatest space, come up with most outrageous gimmick, use the most outlandish materials; three-dimensional objects work best, so attach them to your canvas if you are not primarily a sculptor, but if you must stick to paint and canvas, then splash it and spread it. There need be no sinister conspiracy between suppliers, curators, dealers and investors – they are naturally at one in their desire for maximum publicity, quick returns and rapid turnover. And if it all sounds a bit barefaced, that needn't be a worry, since it's also, of course, profoundly ironic: aren't the artists drawing attention to, perhaps even viciously castigating a world devoted to maximum publicity, quick returns and rapid turnover?

Not all the new art at the Tate is purely commercial – some of the artists, such as Anselm Kiefer, Mario Merz, Stuart Brisley, John Walker and Bruce McLean, probably deserve their international esteem – but all of it is infected to some degree by the inflationary triviality of the context, the permanent trade-fair they are all involved in.

The most prestigious supplier of museum art is Joseph Beuys, whom Compton singles out as 'a great artist' and includes for his dominant influence rather than his newness. Beuys (aged 62) is by now even *persona grata* with the V & A – a large exhibition of his drawings can be seen there until October 2 and there is also a selection of his ritualistic museum showcases called 'Vitrines' at Anthony d'Offay – and there can be no doubt that in his self-adopted role of 'shaman' he is playing upon the whole complex of officially recognised and commercially golden avant-garde art for his own subversive and ironic purposes. But even an artist as crafty, inventive and experienced as Beuys must sometimes despair of being able to evade the control of his slavishly adoring keepers for ever. 'Sham' is a dangerous disguise to adopt. Can he still draw the line between what is ambiguously 'serious' and what is unequivocally bogus and pretentious? Can anyone else? It is as if William Blake had been constantly promoted by the Royal Academy of his day.

The debilitating effects of the new institutional art on a fresh generation of students can be seen at the ICA. Those who score are those who can best camp it up for the gallery: two full-size reclining figures entirely covered with real moss, a car door with a Greek classical chariot in copper relief, a matchbox containing a set of cartoon dogs in plasticine and called 'The Last Supper'. It is not just that the more private works in the exhibition are less instantly noticeable, they are also lacking in energy and conviction. No, Matthew Smith, this is not your moment; you took it all too personally; your product is short of irony. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Cod

GIVE US A BREAK (BBC-1) is a new sitcom set in the old do-us-a-favour-leave-it-out part of town. Already Robert Lindsay looks as though he has been wearing the part of Micky Noades, along with his racing trilby and off-the-peg camelhair, for most of his life. The cod-spiv comes courtesy of George Cole and Arthur English of course, but Lindsay brings his own brand of cod cockney cowardice to bear on the situation. His beautifully shallow performance is well framed by that of handsome Paul McGann as Mo, his girl-friend's Scouse kid brother, just arrived at Euston in Liverpool scarf and hat. 'You doan half look a plum in that thing', goes Mickey, 'you wear those colours on this manor, you'll find yourself on the wrong end of a kicking.' The weedy cockneyisms are in perfect tune with Mickey's failed spiv machismo. 'Got to see a Lucozade about a mo-ah', he'll say, meaning a black man about a car.

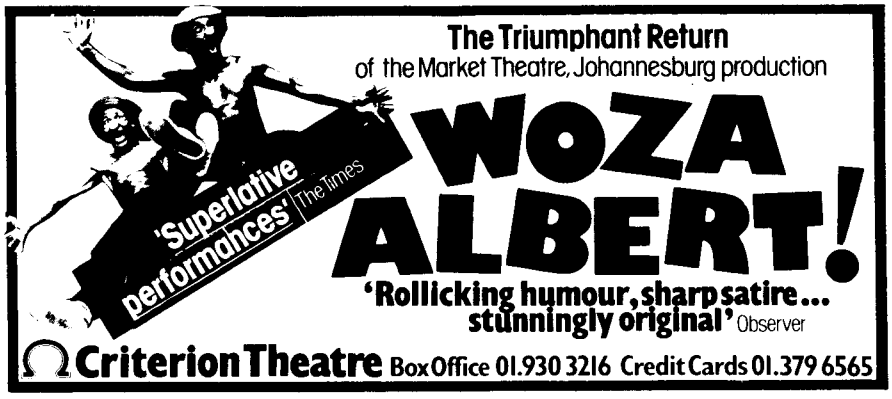
The despised juvenile gets Mickey out of some heavy aggro and the two are now set to take us, if not the East End pool-playing, leg-breaking fraternity, for all the loose change we have on us. 'You're a little virgin sent from heaven', sighs Mickey of Mo, 'and you're all mine.'

When an actor feels able to cod his part a little, it then has a chance of becoming watchable, as here: a performance within a performance if you like, as in life. The actor who concentrates on his lines gets nowhere, unless he is playing a foreigner. He has to think about something else, in order to be in the world as well as the studio. Mae West is the great female exponent of high cod, and **I'm No Angel** (C4) was her definitive but throw-away testament in the form. 'Am I making myself clear, boys?' she growls as she leaves the stage after a hot number. Then, to herself and to us, 'Suckers!' Naturally, we aren't convinced by her cod cynicism. We know it is all part of the loser's armoury of self-defence that we are being let in on for a second and that 'Find 'em, fool 'em and forget 'em' are three things this heart-of-gold dame could never achieve without that mask of hers and our permission.

'Don't say give, I don't like that word', she lies. 'When I was born with this face it was like striking oil.' Only a homebody could escape with it. 'Look at those eyes', she'll say, drawing attention to the absurd eye-white-showing business she invented, 'I said these *eyes*.' Mae puts her head in the lion's mouth in this film in all senses of the word, but she was never again allowed the same freedom of action and dialogue, all of which she wrote herself. The film has the added bonus of Cary Grant, who appears with his superb brand of cod acting fully fledged by 1933. 'You must be med', he tells Mae, seemingly codding his own accent already.

I can't go along with the general lying down under the charms of **The Old Men at the Zoo** (BBC-2). The titles, conceived along *South Bank Show* lines, with lions coming out of crests and shadowy figures hiding in flags, suggest that what follows is on the metaphorical/satirical/symbolical side of things, i.e. not as daft as it looks, but I'm not so sure. Set in the 'near future' where they have the same kinds of cars and clothes and houses as now, but the speech of yesteryear and plot-signalling out of Somerset Maugham, this 'major series' burns up most of its energy just keeping us abreast of its pointsome story-line. Sub-plots aside, we are asked to accept a Home Secretary's obsession with moving the animals in London Zoo to a location in Wales in order to save them from nuclear attack by someone like King Hussein of Jordan, whose English wife has just run off with his two kids and gets to know the Zoo's new secretary. 'How did he get the bomb?' someone asks. The answer is too predictable: 'We gave it to him.'

As war approaches, the country's fate seems to hinge on a TV speech by the zoo's doddery old curator, Maurice Denham. If the bomb falls, the poisonous snakes will escape and breed. During the last war they were all destroyed, we are told: 'each snake was identified and signed for individually in the presence of a witness, then its head cut off.' If the show is a kind of equation for society, does this let it off the hook as entertainment? Or is it one of those pantomime horses that wants to have its hay and eat it by suggesting that its unconvincingness is all part of what it is saying about society? 'People are interested in animals because they are free', says the Zoo's new secretary. 'Liberal cant', says a mad fascist figure;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'people are interested in animals because they eat one another.'

Whether you are interested in animals because they eat one another, or because they are meaningful symbols in a stagey social satire, you can't fail to be attracted by the excellent range of acting styles available here. It's like school shopping at Whiteley's. Performances are ranged on hooks, from straight-man stuff (Stuart Wilson, Roland Culver) through stand-up comedy (Rufus Collins) and cod (Robert Morley) to gothic (Robert Urquhart) and British B-movie mad-professor-acting (Marius Goring). Do the cod elements render it satirical, the straight bits make it dramatic, or the B-movie stuff leave it merely nostalgic? The whole thing reminds you of a nonsensical family you met on holiday: are they serious, or are they just an under-rehearsed mirage to go with the unfinished swimming pool, the sex-starved waiter and the non-existent view of the sea? Over and above everything was Stuart Wilson's variable centre parting, a continuity girl's nightmare. □

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Under difficulties

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet

It is remarkable that a theatre with the problems of Sadler's Wells can have been so long associated with historic artistic events. It has the honour of the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet as resident company; yet, as company director Peter Wright pointed out at his appearance on their opening night this season, of all the theatres that they have performed in, here and abroad, its facilities are the worst. With the theatre's director, Stephen Remington, he demonstrated the discomfort and even danger to dancers likely to career offstage into monolithic masonry or blink into perilously low lights, the miniscule performing area, the poor sightlines, the disgraceful dressing rooms. For the persevering audiences who tolerate the front-of-house crush, there is little immediate hope of change; but, for want of a little extra cash (a measly £3½ million), we were assured that great improvements could and would be made – first to the stage and proscenium arch, later to the foyer. A cabaret ensued: a wild, ironic pastiche of *Swan Lake* sewn together *à la* Joan Littlewood. Marion Tait, company principal, and composer Stephen Lade prepared this lively event detailing the difficulties of performing at the Wells.

Also that night, another but less entertaining demonstration of the theatre's inadequacies was the London première of Michael Corder's **St Anthony Variations** to Brahms. Fifteen dancers, looking terribly cramped, appear in this, Corder's dedication to Frederick Ashton, but it is for the glorification of one of them (Sherilyn Kennedy), that the others serve. She bears the opening Chorale theme and charms us through much of the eight subsequent variations and finale, alongside the others in different numbers and combinations, held aloft at the end. Kennedy manages well in what is, nevertheless, an altogether simpering and effete tribute to Brahms. More seriously, Corder, still caught up in the *art nouveau* that he featured more appropriately to Duparc in last year's *L'Invitation au voyage*, doesn't appear to hear or respond to the flesh and blood of the score. He has heard that Brahms was both poet and scholar, so there is a vestige of academic precision work here and there, neat steps, positions and shoulder carriage. But, more often, we see dripping tendril limbs, languorous manipulations of legs and arms in lifts, endless intertwinings, chains and archways. The women wear fluttery little dresses; something like wings or feathers are spotted high at the sides of the stage. Corder makes little attempt to focus the eye, either on the detail or on the whole picture.

David Bintley's **Choros**, given its world première, cast for nine, copes far better with the stage; but then, a first viewing suggests that this might indeed be Bintley's richest invention to date. Appointed the company choreographer this year, Bintley has made six dances with ancient Greek titles but is unburdened with reference, beyond a whimsical quotation from Arbeau's 16th-century dance manual in the programme: we know nothing of ancient Greek dances and 'there is no need to trouble yourself about them as such manner of dancing is out of date now'. It is as good a starting point as any for an abstract piece.

The dances take place within a pristine gymnasium with a white wall-bar surround and elegantly coiled ropes, designed by Terry Bartlett as were also the white and gold tunics and tights. A formal opening and ending that celebrate the symmetry of three trios enclose a variety of moods, among them a subtly phrased, coolly tempered *pas de deux* for Marion Tait and Michael Batchelor in the *Sikinnis*, a fast flying *Kordax* for Sandra Madgwick and three men, a dream-like *Emmleia* with its reflections and relationships drawn from stage centre across to the dancers using wall-bars as support at the back, a virtuoso *Pyrrhic* solo for Roland Price and a white mask. There is more than one reminder of Balanchine here, most clearly the *Apollo* combination of three Muses and one man and the fan of *arabesque* legs in the *Emmleia*, but also in the *Agon*-recalling, free-hipped style and density of steps in some sections. Bintley has used models and classical forms here to free a formidable choreographic technique, an impressive handling of shapes, rhythms and flow of event. Occasionally he asks the dancers to play cute or showy, thus disguising their material and, probably too, some of his *longueurs*. The sudden Latin American lapse

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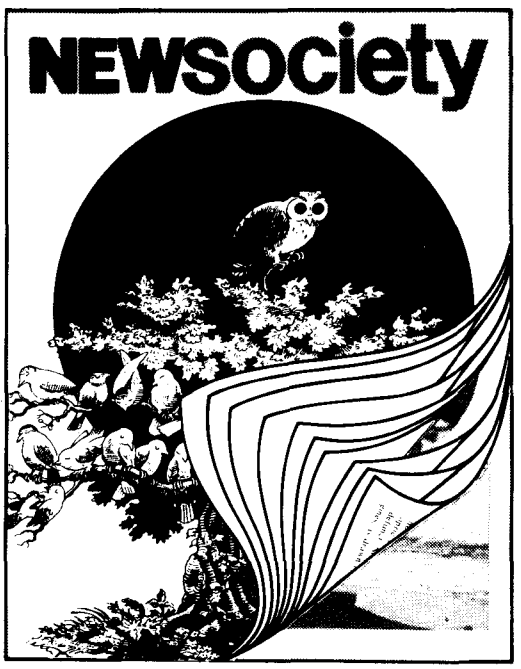

What makes Arthur Scargill, Auberon Waugh and Enoch Powell climb the greasy pole? Read about the loners at the top in this week's NEW SOCIETY.
More about the arts: Starting this week, more from Simon Hoggart on TV, John Lahr on theatre, Peter Fuller on new art.

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during the *Exodus* could be a miscalculation, although Aubrey Meyer's music, specially composed, is as crowded with incident, witty and rhythmic, here as elsewhere. The excellent dancers reflect the pleasure that you feel Bintley must have experienced making this ballet.

Jonathan Burrows's **The Winter Play,** his first work for the company, displays much less of the striking talent that has emerged in his own solos or work for modern dancers. But he also teaches folk dance at the Royal Ballet School and has worked here with Ronald Smedley on a re-telling of the Mummers' play, the ritual midwinter killing of the community leader, the communication of power (accomplished by 'The Doctor') from old leader to new. The choreographer has incorporated a variety of traditional dances, court dances, even something resembling rock 'n' roll near the end. Some of these hint at the drama, like the early competitive galliard that prepares for the duel between leader and rival. Most have the air of set numbers even if developed from the original, but the whole lacks continuity, backbone and the stylistic mixture doesn't make a point. □

FILMS
John Coleman

All in the family

Forbidden Relations (18)
Gate, Bloomsbury
We of the Never Never (U)
Screen on the Hill; Odeon, Kensington
Something Wicked This Way Comes (PG)
Odeon, Haymarket
Without a Trace (15)
Cinecenta; Studio; some ABCs

Incest means always having to say you're sorry. Such, at any rate, is one of the themes of an unusual Hungarian film, Zsolt Kezdi-Kovacs' **Forbidden Relations,** which rolls back the erotic frontiers of Eastern Europe even further than the experienced Karoly Makk did last year with the strenuous lesbianism of his much-praised *Another Way*. Here, a young woman whose husband has inexplicably killed himself falls full length for a brooding, intense fellow, with two wives in his past, who comes to lodge and set up as tailor in her parental village. It is lust at first sight, swiftly and savagely consummated with a needful fervour reminiscent of Oshima's *Ai No Corrida*. In a film which is cut staccato, whisking us through an abortion, births, funerals, this copulation has barely faded from the retina when the woman's mother unwittingly discloses that the moody newcomer is her son by another man, sent away as a child. Those reared on the slower processes of Greek tragedy may find the speedy juxtaposition of 'unnatural' act and awful revelation a touch disconcerting, even verging on the sick-joke comical. But there is nothing funny about what develops, which is an obstinate, obsessed love between the ill-fated couple, a determination *not* to say they are sorry but to live as normal marrieds, bearing children, suffering spells in prison and local hostility.

Lili Monori, her sullen pudding of a face superbly expressive in such films as *Nine Months* and *The Two of Them* directed by Marta Meszaros, does what she considerably can with the role of incestuous Juli, now dogged, now distraught, almost animally landed with Miklos B. Szekely's brother Gyorgy, an unstable drunk and welsher: frankly, their relationship is most persuasive where ruttish. As their guilt-ridden mother, Mari Torocsik has been unforgiveably encouraged to mug, staggering from hysteria to madness like one possessed of a bad script. And Kezdi-Kovacs' script has other oddities, surprises. A friendly woman judge slips from a courtroom to offer sympathy to Juli and her Gyorgy as they await the inevitable sentences. Peasant neighbours prove improbably uncensorious. As the curious, special story jerks along over several years the conclusion grows that something so studded with the unexpected, so bent on stretching credulity to the limit, can only have been drawn from an actual case-history. And so, of course, it proves. The writer-director worked from documentation and on-the-spot interviews with the people concerned: interestingly, 'the mother is the only figure which is the figment of my imagination'.

There's nowt so queer as folk, then? Certainly, this earthily situated affair (great geese-gaggled plains, a river ferryboat, vignettes of prison life and a deserted town at Sunday dawn where the pair takes brief refuge) has roots in a lived truth. Yet the effect is of an unhappy hybrid sending out uncertain tentacles: towards some larger conception of individual freedom? A plain-speaking doctor in the film surely stymies such aspirations. The crux isn't really incest (which has always been popular among some of our better families), but the chance of genetic damage to the two kids this village Juli and her half-brother wilfully insist on having. There ought to be a law and there is.

We of the Never Never is a big, sprawling, wholesome Australian movie, with echoes of the American western, radiating out from another woman in a landscape. Angela Punch McGregor, no one's 'plain Jane', beguilingly portrays Mrs Aeneas Gunn, who was and who went from Melbourne in 1902 as the 30-year-old bride of a cattle-station manager to the wild and wonderful Northern Territory, subsequently to write the classic memoir on which Peter Schreck's humane if spell-it-out script is based. This 'little missus' staunchly sets out to combat the nervous mistrust of the all-male society which so labels her, fires an insolent Chinese cook, treats the Aborigines as fellow beings rather than serf-animals to be tamed with tobacco. The Aborigines themselves are treated, under Igor Auzins' direction, with less mystic condescension than usual; the late Gary Hansen's photography fills the wide screen with rewards; the pieties begin to pall at 134 minutes. But Ms McGregor is fair dinkum.

Something Wicked This Way Comes, Jack Clayton's sixth feature (his last was *The Great Gatsby* nine years ago), shows every sign of the torment it reportedly was to make, with John Mortimer brought in – uncredited – to stiffen up the Ray Bradbury script. What it needed was re-shaping, since two quite distinct tales or plots jostle for attention. There is the sadly unspooky moral matter of a baleful carnival invading a very handsome Disney studio-built Illinois town (full marks to Richard MacDonald), granting heartfelt wishes to local citizens at an evil price, being sussed out by two eavesdropping small boys. And there is some pained and possibly autobiographical angst embodied in Jason Robards as the aged pa of one of these. The bits come together in a verbally ornate finale – between another evil Pryce, our own Jonathan as Mr Dark, and Robards – which Bradbury proposes in a To Whom It May Concern letter is 'pure tour-de-force, Academy Award material'. 'Concern', nothing: stupefy, rather.

Back to women's week. Kate Nelligan's groomed and beautiful intelligence is wasted on **Without a Trace,** the increasingly silly account of an educated mum's refusal to accept her missing son as dead. The Rio, Dalston, is showing an uncut version of Jacqueline Audry's 1951 film of **Olivia:** delicate lesbianism at a French boarding school, with Edwige Feuillère in full bloom. □

THEATRE
Stephen Brook

On the line

Glengarry Glen Ross
DAVID MAMET *Cottesloe*
The Tooth of crime
SAM SHEPARD *Bush*
Birds of Passage
HANIF KUREISHI *Hampstead Theatre Club*
The Tempest
SHAKESPEARE *Barbican*

It's a vicious business, selling real estate in America. Not just for the suckers who fork out their savings for Florida swamp, but for the salesmen too, since they are in competition with one another, and their future livelihoods depend directly on their success. The four salesmen in David Mamet's **Glengarry Glen Ross** work for the same firm but the office is running a sales contest, and two of the men will be fired. They fight fiercely for the best appointments, the 'premium leads' most likely to result in a sale. Thousands of leads are stolen in an office burglary and the play is set before and after this robbery. Embedded in this impeccably constructed play is a marvellous gallery of prototypical salesmen: braggarts, bullies, bluffers and weasels, superbly

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portrayed by an excellent cast that seems remarkably at ease with the difficult sounds and rhythms of Mamet's lines.

The play gives an unpleasing picture of entrepreneurial capitalism, in which the scavengers themselves are picked clean by their superiors' rapacity. Everybody's job is constantly 'on the line'. But admirers of Mamet's *American Buffalo* will know that the chief pleasure of his plays is not their shrewd observation, their Pinterish way of making large statements with the most slender resources, but the remarkable use of language. The speech patterns exactly reproduce the mumbles, hesitations, repetitions and obscenities of ordinary male talk. So precise a naturalism is of course itself stylised. If this were not so, we'd be rapidly bored, for Mamet's salesmen have no eloquence; apart from fanfares of abuse and rage, their language is impoverished. Yet the studied banality of the dialogue becomes mesmerising as it reveals the growing desperation of these hounded, insecure men. Hayden Griffin's sets perfectly match the play, and Bill Bryden's fluent production exposes its rich seams of humour and pathos.

There's more American vernacular to be enjoyed at the Bush, where the Black Theatre Cooperative perform Sam Shepard's **The Tooth of Crime.** Shepard's extravagantly written fable about a style-wars usurpation of a superstar works well on Rose Coutts-Smith's inventive chrome set, and the black cast and musicians give this somewhat wearying play a loud and vigorous showing. Catch it at the Bush till 23 October and then on tour in the Midlands.

The times they are a-changing in Sydenham, repeatedly described in Hanif Kureishi's **Birds of Passage** as 'a leaving place'. David and Audrey's family is splitting up: daughter Stella's a call-girl, their happily unemployed son Paul goes off to London most nights, and Aunt Eva has improved her lot by marrying sour Ted, whose business is now on the skids. David, played by a serene Joe Melia, delivers an unconvincing but moving paean to the suburbs as the heartland of British decency, only to prompt Paul's observation that Audrey's afraid to go out at night because of the street gangs.

Into this household comes Asif, the Pakistani lodger. Eva, unhappily married to 'Chislehurst's Mr Bovary', falls for him. Asif asserts himself and, assisted by his father's money, buys the house in which the play is set. A latter-day *Cherry Orchard*, then, but with different resonances.

What might have been a routine social chronicle is distinguished by observation and wit. Asif is no Lopakhin, and no angel. He despises poor Pakistani immigrants, treats Eva with contempt, and rejoices in his upward mobility. Kureishi confidently develops his theme and adroitly avoids predictability. He is well served by a good if slightly hesitant cast under Howard Davies's crystalline direction.

Ron Daniels's production of **The Tempest** opens with a splendid storm scene, revealing at its close Prospero, like Wotan with his spear, trembling as he wields his magical powers over the seas. Sadly this level of intensity isn't sustained; this is a low-voltage *Tempest*, with both Derek Jacobi's Prospero and the turgid courtiers failing to bring to life their difficult initial scenes. Bob Peck's Rasta Caliban is appropriately grotesque, but he misses the pathos in his grovelling to Christopher Benjamin's glorious Stephano, the intense yearning of 'I cried to dream again', and the menace he presents to Miranda's virginity and Prospero's life.

Alice Krige's Miranda began uncomfortably, with too much squirrelling and ardour, but she ripened into the role beautifully, conveying wonder and innocence without mawkishness. Mark Rylance stresses Ariel's longings for freedom – for he is as much in bondage as Caliban and Prospero himself – and it was a touching notion to have Prospero discharge an already absent Ariel at the play's end. This production, with Stephen Oliver's music and Maria Bjornson's designs, is strong on spectacle, but it's surely a mistake to obscure Ariel's great speech, 'You are three men of sin', with chanting.

Derek Jacobi is unfailingly eloquent, intelligent and dignified, but not magisterial enough to drive the play along. In the last act, however, he delivers a formidable 'Ye elves of hills', in which for the first time since the storm scene I really believed in his 'so potent art', and a marvellously delicate and pained Epilogue. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2790 **Set by Snubbin**

One of BR's 'Golden Rail Literary Heritage Weekends' includes a visit to 'Emmerdale Farm'. Supply, please, up to 150 words of a travel brochure for a similar weekend which interprets 'literary' with equal generosity. By 14 October.

No 2787 **Set by P. Kay**

If the church is to woo the godless hordes, it needs to move into TV in a big way. We asked for extracts from *M*A*S*S, The Veneration Game* and so on.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

Very tasty. Even the Dame of Clerkenwell (a.k.a. Ms de Meaner, back from her hols and reeking of retsina) could scarce forbear to let a tiny smile creep on to that notoriously haughty visage. Gather ye Newtons while ye may, ten each, before she changes her mind.

Blue St Peter

Simon: Hello. And some great news to start us off. You've sent in so many old braces and suspenders that we've reached our Autumn target already!
Peter: Yes. Hello. That means we now have our very own Blue St Peter trainee vicar!
(A young man crosses the screen with Janet clinging onto his collar.)
Janet: Hello!
(Simon and Peter drag the young man back.)
Simon: Of course, he's got a lot to learn and we'll be following his progress up to the time we can let him loose on a real flock.
Peter: Which is where you come in. We'd like to know what we're going to call him.

JAN RUT-BROWN

Palace

Sue Ellen: We gotta talk, J-P – it's kinda important.
J-P: (Puts down telephone, nonchalently tips back mitre with the butt of his crook.) OK sugar – shoot.
S-E: I'm gettin' voices in my head – even snortin' coke don't seem to help. I guess I just cain't ignore the call any longer. I wanna be ordained, J-P!
J-P: Now jest hoooold on there, sweetheart. Dames kin look kinda cute arrangin' flowers, helpin' us off with our vestments, stuff like that. But when it comes to dolin' out wafers, hearin' confession – that there's man's work. Now, git your ass outa here!
S-E: You bastard, J-P! I could *kill* you!
J-P: (Smirking) Sorry, honey – already bin tried. *(Picks up receiver.)* Sorry 'bout that, JC – now where were we?

PETER NORMAN

Are You Being Saved?

Mr Humphries: Hello, everybody – I'm free!
Rev. Burdock: No, you aren't, you are a slave to sin, until the day you are saved.
Mr Humphries: You can save *me* anytime, duckie!
Mrs Slocombe: Can you save my pussy from neglect?
Rev. Burdock: I'll take it in hand immediately.
The sexy typist: I think you're handsome, sir.
Rev. Burdock: Come into the storeroom, and I'll give you a sermon on the mount.
Mr Humphries: If you do, I shall throw a tantrum.
Rev. Burdock: Rest assured, my son, I love my fellow *man* as well.

GEORGE COWLEY

Confirmation Street

Bet: . . . since Baldwin's meeting-house opened, it's been quiet as bellringers during the sermon.
Annie: . . . I know, dear. But Mr Ridley himself *assured* me, The Rover's shall shortly possess its own font.
Bet: Mebbes we should pray harder.
Fred: Pray! It's not prayers we want, Lynch, it's flippin' more bibles, that's what.
Eddie: Aire, 'scuse me interruptin' like, but I can acquire some very nice bibles that'd 'ave them entering this cosy shrine on their knees.
Fred: Which tip, Yates?
Eddie: Fred, just 'cause stuff lands on stony ground don't mean we shouldn't rescue it. Jesus might've been above possessin' personal chattels, but he wasn't a flamin' mug. He'd more sense in his split-ends than you manage in a month of Sundays.

WILL BELLENGER

Soulminder

Terry: Cheers, vicar old son. Bit out of your manor, aintcha?
Vicar: Been giving some old bird the last rites, Terry. How's your boss these days?
Terry: Arfur? Gor blimey, reverend, her indoors has been giving 'im the old GBH of the earhole on account of his reading this funny old book *The Myth of God Incarnate.* He reckons it says God don't exist. That's gotta be out of order ain't it?
Vicar: Nah! These theologians are all mouth and trousers, Terry. I never had you down for a god man, I must admit. Fancy a quick confession old son?
Terry: Don't mind if I do, vic. Fact is, I nicked this motor last week and the old whatsisname fell out the back so I took it to these con-artists down Bermondsey. Tried to charge me a pony for doing it up so I stuck one on the both of them.
Vicar: Naughty, Terry. Very naughty.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

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FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

Quis custodiet custodes?

A MONTH OR TWO AGO I wrote a piece in *The Scotsman* fiercely criticising social workers and calling for a radical rethink of their rôle. I had heard on every side, from friends who are JPs, lawyers, doctors, health visitors, teachers and 'clients' of social workers, of their general ineptitude in dealing with less than clear-cut cases; of decisions they made which were not only incomprehensible but seemed to fly in the face of common sense; of their readiness to be duped by the artful dodgers who are always with us, and conversely their autocratic attitude to concerned, caring, decent people. I had also had personal experience of the sort of havoc the worst of them could wreak in family life.

It seemed to me, as indeed it seemed to all the people who wrote to me privately after publication, that social workers, in an excessive zeal for some naive notion of compensatory justice, have turned the moral order outside in. To put it crudely, they seem to treat the victims as villains and the villains as victims.

Children who have already suffered from the callousness or even brutality of their parents are in effect punished for showing their parents in such a bad light, by being shunted around from pillar to post, thoroughly disoriented and burdened by guilt, then sent back for another course of the same from the defaulting parents.

The basic aim of the social work system seems to be empire-building. I spoke yesterday to a blind women. She said that until about ten years ago social workers were better trained; they were more specialised and tended to have university degrees. She was visited regularly by a 'home educator', a specialist in work with the blind, who helped her in all sorts of ways, and became her lifeline to the world. Then there was some sort of 'rationalisation' of the social services. Specialists who could help with particular disabilities were replaced by general social workers, who could deal with whole families, which might incidentally include a blind member. So now the registered blind are visited by a bewildering array of specialists, co-ordinated by the social worker.

That's one face of empire-building; the other is more subtle. Social workers take on cases for which they cannot possibly do anything constructive, either because the problem is so complex and involves a number of conflicting personalities, or because the people concerned are quite simply hopeless or incorrigible. One powerful impression I gathered from the people I've talked to since my column was published is that social work is regarded by many as a sinister, creeping social disease in itself. The other is that too many social workers are earnest, naive, undertrained and theory-crazed.

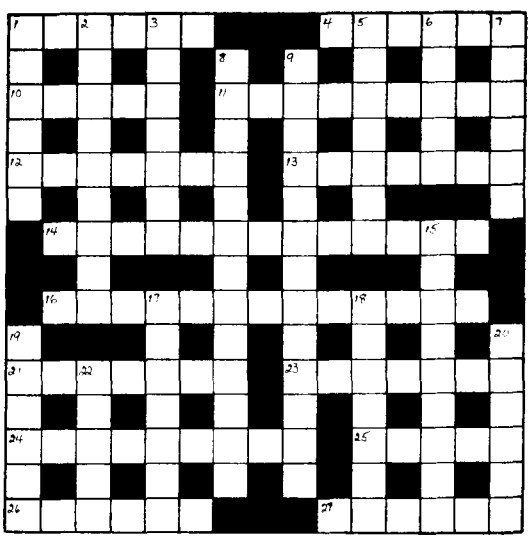
AS A SOCIALIST, I wholeheartedly support the welfare state; but I don't support it right or wrong. I don't believe that I should only exercise my critical capacities at the polling booth. Now that the Labour Party is having to do a lot of rethinking, they might consider taking a radical look at what they achieved in the past: how is it working now; is it doing what they intended it to, and if not, what are the alternatives?

It is clear that there is a crying need for a thorough re-appraisal of the social services; that at the very least there ought to be a public body, not dominated by social workers, to answer and investigate complaints about their activities and explain, when called upon to do so, their more mysterious decisions; that social workers have to have more intensive professional training, and that certain professional standards of conduct should be required from them.

A friend south of the border – a JP – informs me that there are now, in London at least, 'independent' social workers – that is, qualified freelance social workers who will stand up in court and challenge the recommendations of SWD social workers. Isn't the very fact of their existence a negation of everything we have been told social workers are? □

Weekend Crossword 1416

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1416, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 11 October.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

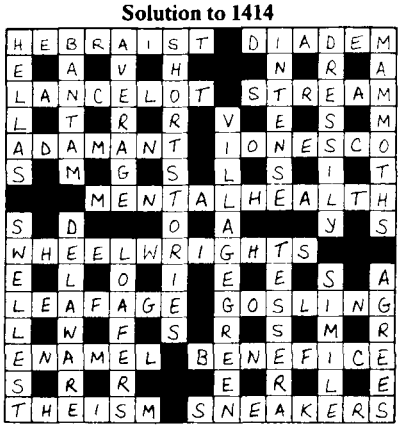
1. Old cricketer who made a journalist flush (6)
4. Insect which looks good in reverse colours (6)
10. Start as someone at the top (5)
11. The defender is after a record in a cup (9)
12. European who has nothing on behind the barrier (7)
13. Rugger players would be all right if there were no gardeners (7)
14. It is absurd to have United Nations rottenness broadcast to the East (5,8)
16. Register with a goat for something to eat (4,3,6)
21. Against an allowance for a homeless person (7)
23. Is notorious for being laid in the grass (7)
24. Boil stone (9)
25. Lace for Iris (5)
26. Being a pervert, one is in an unfortunate way (6)
27. Weapon for a detective (6)

DOWN

1. Joints affected by movement of the bowels (6)
2. Operatic hero has to journey in broken litter over love (9)
3. Study the past and forgive (7)
5. Be stimulating and demonstrate the truth without approval (7)
6. It would be nonsense to travel like this with a learner (5)
7. Try again because there is a new setter (6)
8. Caution one can distribute with writing (7,6)
9. There is total permissiveness for the love poet, by the sound of it (7,6)
15. One who is not expert in polish for metal (9)
17. The French with fevers keep their distance (7)
18. Food provided when there is a cover-up about the virtuous (7)
19. Gets rid of welter of vice on back street (6)
20. Inventor reverses end of game (6)
22. Turn bloody when injured (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1414



Prizewinners to 1414

Reynir Axelsson (Reykjavik, Iceland)
John Brasier (North Petherton, Somerset)
Roger Byrne (Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim)

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ACADEMIC WIDOWER, into 60s, bored with walking long distance footpaths alone, would welcome female companion, home and abroad. Based southish. Vigour essential but no hearty backpacking. Age irrelevant. Box 6601.

ADMIRING VIRAGOESQUE damsels, knowing only self-apologists, erstwhile devotee could humour commanding presence. He's Guru-vintage, slaphappy disposition, submissive. Box 6590.

AFFECTIONATE MAN, prof. job West Midlands, young 51, divorced, gardening, walking, home cooking, wine, music, Guardian, supports CND, seeks candid reply, smart woman. Box 6632.

ATTRACTIVE GRADUATE woman teacher, 44, div, interests include homelife, music, travel, the countryside, tennis, seeks unattached, prof. man for friendship & companionship. London home. Box 6548.

CARING, ACADEMIC man, Jewish, (non-practising), forties, wide interests, seeks creative, broadminded, slim, attractive woman, thirties, for genuine, enriching relationship. Confidence respected. Phone essential. Box 6614.

CENTRAL SCOTLAND: realistic, humorous, life loving man, mid fifties, would like to meet sensible woman, who would appreciate affection, appreciation and consideration. Box 6627.

CHARISMATIC, ATTRACTIVE, divorcee, 50, youthful, intelligent and excellent homemaker, seeks good-natured gentleman, financially secure, to 65, lasting relationship. Box 6622.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, late 40s, slim, intelligent, affectionate, varied interests, London, seeks similar, solvent male companion. Genuine replies only please. Box 6595.

CUDDLY, SHY student, wants tender, passionate lady, any age, to enjoy amorous encounters of a close kind. Prospective Mrs Robinson? Non-smoker, sm. photo, London. Box 6598.

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HERTS-BASED male, fifties, slim, with sense of humour, enjoys music, reading, walking and occasional dance, seeks friendship, with sincere, caring female. Box 6539.

IMPERFECT, WAGNERITE male, 32, North West, seeks female for friendship etc. Any offers? Box 6562.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE male, 23, seeks friendship and adventure, with female, London. Box 6609.

INTELLECTUAL BUSINESS MAN, mid twenties, into books, music (20th Century), politics (NS sympathies), seeks company of independent lady, London. Box 6631.

KIND, STRAIGHTFORWARD lawyer, 34, graduate, seeks gentle, intelligent, pretty lady, to share books, film, art/design, countryside and close, caring relationship (family?), NW London, non-smoker. Box 6629.

LADY, EARLY fifties, non-sexist, 30 yrs business experience, seeks intelligent companion, country walks. Interested most activities. Meetings at advertiser's Surrey golf club initially. Box 6617.

LONELY, SHY, professional man, 52, divorced, average sort of guy, seeks understanding, compassionate lady for hopefully meaningful relationship, London area, Box 6596.

MALE GRADUATE, mid-thirties, quiet sense of humour, tallish, thinnish, body not heart in London, likes cinema, music, reading, seeks similar woman for committed relationship. Box 6610.

MALE WELFARE Officer, divorced, 60, living alone in own house, seeks happiness with kindly woman partner, without family ties. London. Box 6615.

MANCHESTER WOMAN, 27, quietly OK but life needs a lift, enjoys cycling, books, good food, people, seeks male friendship. Box 6626.

MA OR PHD man, over 40, wanted in Bristol radius, initially to go to Colston Hall Symphony concerts with me. Box 6587.

MATURE, GENIAL male, seeks pleasant female friend, over 35 years, lonely needs warmth and understanding. Lives in London, likes travel. Box 6604.

NON AFFLUENT, but world travelled male, retired, Anglesey home, seeks woman companion, non-smoker, intellectual, placid, lively curiosity, but content with quiet ambiance, reliable. Box 6489.

OPTIMISTIC, SOCIALIST woman lecturer, 45, divorced, seeks male companion, to share arts, politics and more. Non-smoker, enjoys smokers company. M4 to London area. Box 6628.

OXFORD OR LONDON. Man, 50s, 5'8", smokes, drinks, divorced, no children, bald but alive, loving, interested in practically everything except sport. Likes Mozart, Beatles, Archduke, old prints, Samuel Palmer, Charles Williams, Doris Lessing, reading, thinking, talking, Charities. Happy well-paid technical job. Lives somewhat roughly in furnished room. Would like to meet (long to meet) woman interested in finding someone to be with in love. 'That nothing lives in each beyond the others reach'. Box 6621.

PRESENTABLE, FIT, young 60s professional, seeks warm-hearted, shapely London lady 40s/50s, for discreet friendship. Trapped in stagnant marriage he considers himself a caring, considerate good-natured man who enjoys normal human pleasures. Non-smoker. Box 6623.

SENIOR UNIVERSITY Teacher, writer and broadcaster, tall, slim, extra-mural interests, seeks friendship with educated, mature lady, living London. Box 6618.

SENSITIVE, INTELLIGENT man, leftish, unattached, 45, enjoys sailing, walking, interested in the arts, especially music, wishes to meet attractive, feminine and unopinionated lady. Hants. Box 6565.

SEPARATED OR divorced Asian lady with children, needed by quiet Midlands professional, 45, divorced. Kind nature matters, not looks or education. Permanent relationship. Box 6619.

SIR, you are gay, comfortable, creative, published, affectionate, probably have everything except respectful, witty, versatile companion, catalyst, lover. Let's talk! Peter. Box 6605.

SLIM, FEMININE, professional lady, divorced, youthful 50, politically left of centre, seeks tall, personable, cultured, non-smoking, prof. man, fifties, for caring relationship. Box 6608.

TYNESIDE GUY (late twenties), into good cinema, modern novels, all galleries (but Radio One!). Mole-ish socialist. Walker, not sporty. Seeks relaxed, outgoing female company. Box 6555.

UNATTACHED MALE, 60, 5'10", non-smoker, Londoner living North England, (may move), seeks female, 40-53 with a socialistic outlook (not too intense), for friendship/marriage. Box 6616.

WEST COAST US citizen (formerly Sri Lankan), refined, attractive, educated, lady underwriter/pilot, young 52, unencumbered, wish resettle UK 3-4 years, like cultivate permanent relationship with gentleman 45-55, of similar background. Box 6577.

WHENCE YESTERYEAR'S Women's Libbers? Retiring would-be entrepreneur, humbled by "Mister's" inselfsufficiency, would put his idling capital back into harness. Box 6496.

WOMAN, 36, especially likes music and countryside, University educated (Arts), divorced, would like to marry compatible, companionable man, 30s/40s. Box 6594.

YOUNGISH MAN, 34, seeks characterful, sensitive and attractive woman, who feels that no-one has really brought out all her talents. Optimistically, some details match his: unattached, slim, sense of humour, intellectual, arts (esp. music) oriented, worldly but not cynical, a combination of sensuality and practicality. Relaxed and sceptical of advertising, but lots to give right person. London/Low Countries. Sm. photo appreciated. Box 6625.

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APPOINTMENTS

AUTUMN IN the hills. Person required (n/s) for variety DIY tasks. Live in plus negotiable wage. Box 6620.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL. Epping St John's School. (Mixed comprehensive, pupils 11-18 years). Applications are invited from published writers of prose and poetry for an Arts Council Writer's Fellowship tenable for one year from January 1984. Remuneration £7,750. Further particulars from Headmaster, St John's School, Tower Road, Epping, Essex, CM16 5EN. Closing date for applications 14 October, 1983. SAE please.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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is setting up a special unit to spearhead its campaign for the 1984 EEC elections. Specialist staff are being recruited on fixed-term contracts (ending in June 1984) to work in this unit.

The successful applicants will be expected to work as part of a team, to use their initiative and to provide dynamic new ideas for the development of the campaign.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER: Salary scale: **£10,090-£11,710** p.a. (dependent on appropriate experience)

It is expected that the person appointed to this post will also become co-ordinator of the unit, with an additional salary of between £890-£1,445 p.a.

PRESS OFFICER: Salary scale: **£10,090-£11,710** p.a. (dependent on appropriate experience)

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Applicants must be members of the Labour Party and will be expected to join the appropriate union on appointment. A background of activity in the Party and the wider Labour movement would be of considerable advantage.

Application forms and conditions of employment, together with further details on job descriptions, can be obtained by writing to or telephoning:

The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT (tel. 01-703 0833) and the closing date is Wednesday, 12 October, 1983.

SOUTHWARK UNEMPLOYED CENTRE

A TUC Centre, funded by the GLC and Southwark and actively involved in the Trade Union and Labour movement. The Centre is run by a management committee that has a majority of unemployed people on it, who decide policy and determine priorities.

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Salary: **£8,445** p.a. Hours: 35.

For application forms and job descriptions contact:
Steve McArthur, S.U.C., 83 Peckham High Street, London, SE15. Telephone: 01-703 9011.

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The postholder will also contribute to the development of the Tenancy Arbitration Tribunal and assist the Arbitration and Review Officer in the running of the Tribunal, in particular by providing expert advice.

Applicants who are legally qualified are preferred, but those with relevant experience in landlord/tenant law and/or housing benefits are welcomed.

The person appointed will need to have a commitment to work with tenants and to have a sound background in law or housing advice.

Southwark is an equal opportunity employer. Applications are welcome from candidates regardless of sex or ethnic origin and from registered disabled persons. Telephone 01-701 2870 (24-hour answering service) any time for an application form, or write, on a postcard to: **The Personnel Officer, London Borough of Southwark, 25 Commercial Way, London SE15 6DG. Please quote reference NS/1/4088 and job title.**

Last date for receipt of completed Application Forms: **14.10.83.**

LISTINGS

THURS 29 SEPTEMBER

LONDON 'Stop British collaboration with apartheid'. Picket Barclays Bank, Lombard St. (nearest tube: Bank). 12.30-2pm. **Org. City of London Anti-Apartheid Group, c/o 22 Brownlow Mews, WC1.**

SAT 1 OCTOBER

BRIGHTON Agenda for the Peace Movement 7.30pm Queens Hotel, Kings Rd. Spkrs. Tony Benn, Fenner Brockway, Ken Coates, Tam Dalyell, Stuart Holland MP, Michael Meacher MP. **Org. Bertrand Russell Peace Fdn, Gamble St, Nottingham. 0602 784504.**

SUN 2 OCTOBER

BRIGHTON Labour Solidarity Pre Conference Rally. 12 noon Metropole Hotel. Spkrs Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore. **Details LSC 01-722 9253/4.**

BRIGHTON International Social, 1pm Sussex Room, Bedford Hotel, Kings Rd. Music and dance from Latin America, Africa, Middle East. Guests from Nicaragua, PLO ANC. Adm. £1. Late Bar. **Org. Co-Op Political Committee, 54 Maryland St, London, E15. 01-534 4201.**

BRIGHTON Labour CND march and rally. Assemble 1.30pm The Level, rally 2.30pm Seafront (Metropole). Spkrs Tony Benn, Ken Livingstone, Helen John etc. London coach info: 01-388 1628 **Org. Labour CND 11 Goodwin St, London, N4. 01-888 9500.**

BRIGHTON 'Environment, housing and public health — the key to the AES'. Spkrs Stuart Holland MP, Prof. Peter Townsend. 2.15pm The Dome, Brighton Pavilion. **Org. SERA, 9 Poland St, London W1. 01-439 3749.**

MON 3 OCTOBER

BRIGHTON Labour and the Arms Race. 7.30pm Pavilion Theatre. Adm. 50p. Spkrs Tam Dalyell MP, Tony Benn, Joan Ruddock and others. **Org. Labour Action for Peace 01-878 2955.**

LIVERPOOL Women's Studies — new programme starts. Extension Studies, Liverpool University **Details: 051-709 6022 x2792.**

BRIGHTON 'Divorce Reform — poor family policy' — One Parent Families Meeting at Labour Party conf. 5.30pm Bedford Hotel, Kings Rd. Spkrs incl Roy Hattersley MP, Harriet Harman MP, Anne Davis, Jane Streather. **Details Paul Collins 01-267 1361.**

TUES 4 OCTOBER

BRIGHTON 'Class Politics and Irish Unity', 7pm Queen's Hotel. Spkrs Lord Fitt, Janey Buchan, Brendan Halligan MEP, Tomas MacGiolla, Seamus Lynch. **Details 01-802 1018.**

LONDON Public Meeting 'Unionising your firm' 7pm TGWU Office, 203 North Gower St, NW1. Spkr. Jack Dromey TUC Official and ex-law centre worker. **Org GULF — group for unionisation of Law Firms. Details: C. Taylor, Top flat, 16 East Dulwich Rd, SE22.**

LONDON 'The Samaritans' contribution to Mental Health' 7.30pm Penfold Centre, 1 Neville Gill Close, SW18. Spkr Ernest Spry, Director of Putney Samaritans. Adm. free, tea/coffee, Collection. **Org. Wandsworth Assoc. for Mental Health, 3 Brodrick Rd, SW17.**

WED 5 OCTOBER

LONDON Guinea-Bissau 1973-83 'Looking again at the revolution'. Slides, music, discn. 6.30pm Africa Centre, 52 King St, Covent Garden, WC1. Adm. 50p/30p unwaged. Wheelchair access.

BRIGHTON 'The Falklands — one year on' 5.30pm at Apollo Hotel, 135 Kings Rd. Spkrs incl Tam Dalyell MP, Jim Slatery, **Org. Labour Party Scottish Exec. Bill Gilbey 031-556 0922.**

LONDON Gregory Cook will read his work. 8pm Kensington Bookshop, 140 Church St, W8. Adm. £1 at door. **Org. Pembridge Poets 01-229 4898.**

LONDON 'A talk on the National Theatre' by Kevin Cahill. 7.30pm The Theatre, 9 Fitzroy Sq, W1. Wine, soft drinks, coffee, tea. Adm. free but to reserve seat phone 01-387 2666. **Org. British Theatre Assoc.**

BRIGHTON END fringe meeting at Labour Party conf: 'A disarmament strategy for European socialist parties' with Mary Kaldor, Robin Cook MP, Mo Mowlam. 5.30pm, Royal Albion Hotel, Old Steine. **Org END 01-272 1236.**

THURS 6 OCTOBER

LONDON 'Socialists and nationalism' — an introduction by Andrew Davies. 7.30pm-9.30pm Marx Memorial Library, 37a Clerkenwell Green, EC1. **01-253 1485.**

LONDON 'How the press and Media see CND' Peter Lang, journalist and Ecology Party candidate. 8pm Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, Muswell Hill, N10. Adm. free. **Org. Muswell Hill CND. J. Morley 01-889 0571.**

BRIGHTON 'The Problem of NATO' forum with Jo Richardson MP, Bob Cryer, Mary Kaldor. Chair: Pat Arrowsmith. 5.30pm Royal Albion Hotel. Film at 8pm 'Carry Greenham Home'. **Org. Labour CND 01-888 9500.**

LONDON '5 Nations Meeting' — E. P. Thompson & spkrs from the other countries receiving cruise missiles. 7.30pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Org London END.**

FRI 7 OCTOBER

RUGELEY Residential Training Weekend for National out of School Alliance at Spode House. Accommodation and creche available. **All Details: Oxford House, Derbyshire St, Bethnal Green Rd, London E2 6HG 01-739 4787.**

LONDON Brighter Sunday Campaign. First meeting of group to liberalise Sunday Trading laws. 6.30pm Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1. Adm. free. **Details: 01-223 9947.**

POOLE 'Red Review 1983' — only performance outside Brighton. 8pm Hamworthy Engineering Club, Fleets Corner, Waterloo Rd. Tickets £2.50/£1.50 unwaged from **Poole Constituency Labour Party, 22 Wimborne Rd, Poole BH15 2BU. Poole 672950/678398.**

WHITBY Whitby Labour Party 4th Annual Weekend School. 'Local Government — a Socialist perspective'. Spkrs incl David Blunkett, Bob Cryer. Cheap accommodation, creche. **Details: Sue Griffiths, 23 Anchorage Way, Whitby, N. Yorkshire YO21 1NU. 0947 605849.**

FORTHCOMING

8 OCT London Consumer campaign Nuclear Electricity Boycott. Planning meeting for existing withholders and others. 11am-1pm PPU 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. **Details: Bridget 01-622 3998 or Lyn 01-985 2179.**

8 OCT London 'Converging Paths to a Peaceful World' one-day conf. 10-5pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Tickets £3/£1.50 unwaged. Bring packed lunch. Tea/coffee provided. **Apply Development Education Officer, Quaker Peace & Service, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1 2BJ.**

8 OCT London 'Visible women'. Conf on image of women in the media, emphasis on sex, race, class, disability and age. 9.30am-6pm, ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Adm £3/£1.50. Access for disabled, creche. **Details: Women's Media Action Group, c/o AWP, Hungerford House, Embankment, London WC2 or Jean 01-737 4336.**

10 OCT London 'Britain's Economic Recession.' Start of 10-wk course on Monetarist, Keynesian and Marxist explanations for people with no prior knowledge of economics. 7.30-9.30pm Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton. Fee 80p/20p unwaged. Tutor Trevor Evans. **Org. Southwark & Lambeth WEA.**

10 OCT London 'Labour's EEC Policy' 7.30pm Harold Laski House, 861 Fulham Rd, SW6. Spkr Adam Sharples. **Details: Fulham Fabian Society, David Ward, Flat 3, 35 Fulham Park Gardens, SW6. 01-736 9614.**

11 OCT London 'Nuclear Disarmament? — Basic History, Politics, Issues' first of 8 classes. 6.30-8.30pm £8/£1 unwaged. **Chequer Centre, Chequer St, EC1. 01-253 9619.**

13 OCT London 'Hands off Telecoms' Public meeting 6pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. British Telecom International BTUC Campaign against Privatisation. Terry Cuthbert, Rm 117, Holborn Centre 120 Holborn, EC1.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 30 September. Jenny Rees on 'Drama and Television – Reading between the Lines'. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30. Lecture 7 p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday 2 Oct. 8pm. 'Three Great Ideas'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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EVENTS

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